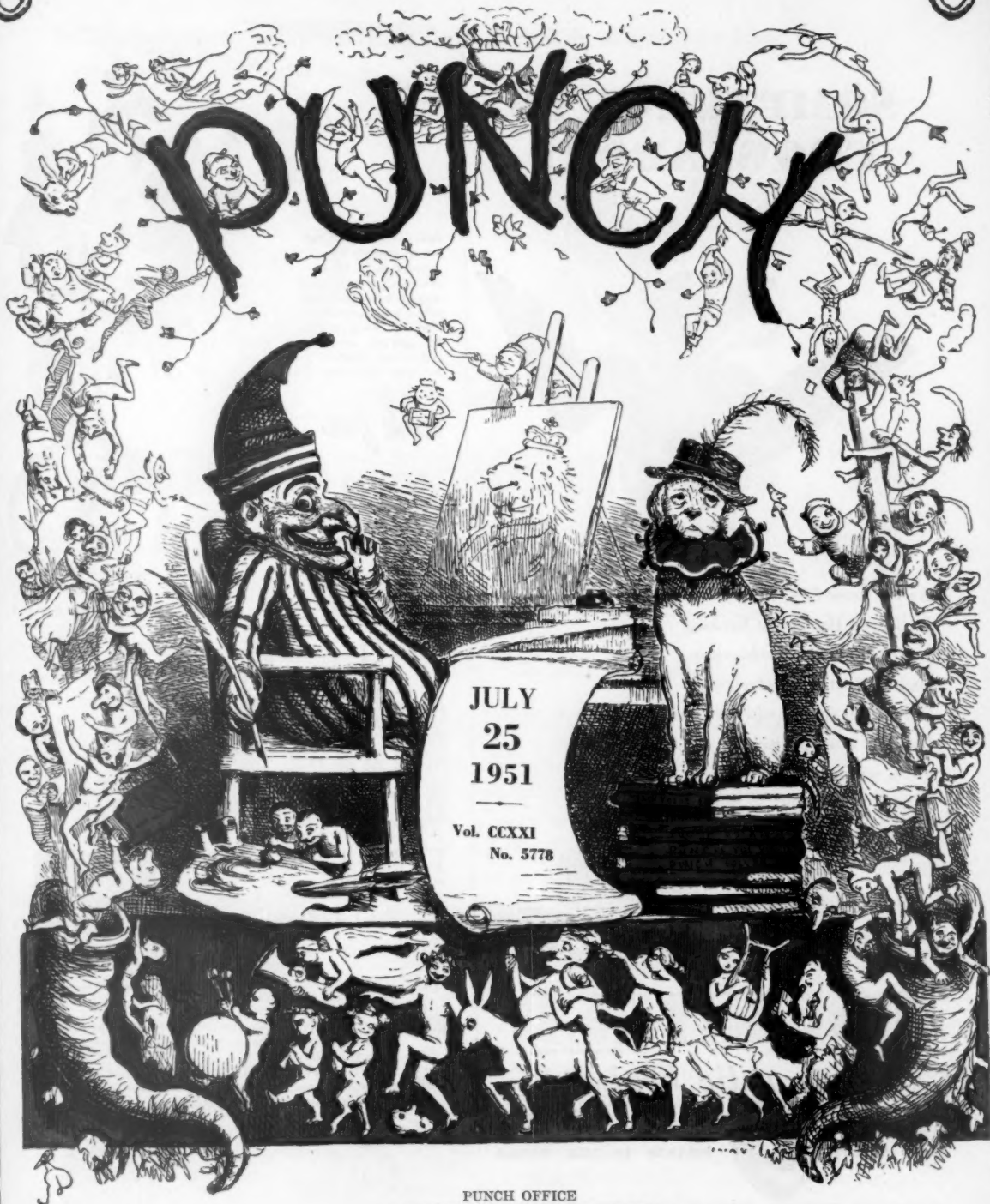


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PUNCH or THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, JULY 25 1951

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SOMETHING TO CROW ABOUT



As the crow flies, so does the Lockheed Hydraulic Braking system function—achieving such perfection of straight-line action that would turn the blackest crow positively green with envy.



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hydraulic brakes

THE SAFEST



BRAKES IN THE WORLD

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ANTLER Airlight Cases are an entirely new conception in light, reasonably priced luxury luggage, beautifully lined with adequate pockets. Men will also appreciate the spacious dimensions and styling chosen for their particular models.

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and prevent **THIS**



Dirty oil wastes your money. It clogs piston-ring slots, gums-up valve stem guides and constricts oil passages. Your AC Oil Filter goes on filtering out the clogging sludge, dirt and grit which grind away engine efficiency — until the element is *packed solid*.

DRIVE WITH DIRT-PROOF OIL, by getting a good garage to change your AC Filter Element or AC Filter Cartridge at least every 8,000 miles.

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Courteous Attention plus British Airmanship



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THE ALL-SUNSHINE HOLIDAY

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The sun shines well-nigh perpetually in the bright South African day—a fact which adds immeasurably to the pleasure of your holiday. And what a wealth of pleasure is spread out for your delight. Scenery majestically wild and smilingly gentle: the fascinating native life and customs: the huge game reserves where wild animals roam at will and can be observed at close quarters in perfect safety: secluded bathing

beaches and fashionable places. There is no end to the new interests and adventures you can enjoy in this sunny welcoming land of leisure. For visitors from Britain there are no currency restrictions or tedious formalities.

You are invited to write or call for full details of the attractions and travel facilities of South Africa from the Tourist Information Centre in London.

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Coffee tastes good

at times like these . . .



. . . but oh! so much better . . .



. . . when it's extra-flavour Maxwell House Coffee

The secret of that extra-flavour is in the patient, skilful blending of 100% pure coffees.

Slow, fragrant, roasting heightens that flavour . . . and a special grind safeguards it.

And then Maxwell House Coffee is always fresh coffee . . . because it is sealed in air-tight tins as soon as it is ground.

This means air has no chance to steal away the flavour! When you open a tin of Maxwell House Coffee in your kitchen it is still rich with all its just-ground freshness!



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Another fine product of ALFRED BIRD & SONS LTD. BIRMINGHAM 10

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SALTED
CASHEW NUTS
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British Biscuits
at their Best

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Lang**

By appointment
to H.M. the King
Macfarlane Lang Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1817

Every housewife has this problem

How can I get them to eat?

WHEN there is illness in the house one immediately remembers Brand's Essence. Doctors have prescribed Brand's in convalescence for many years.

But many housewives find that Brand's Essence is the answer when members of their families are not really ill, but so overtired and overstrained that they simply cannot eat. Today's difficult problem of finding something that will not tax the digestion but put new heart into a tired person is really solved by Brand's.

Brand's contains the concentrated goodness of fine beef or chicken. It imposes no strain on tired or weak stomachs. And because it is *all goodness* — fat-free soluble protein — it is quickly absorbed, immediately gets to work restoring tone, increasing energy production and the sense of well-being, and improving appetite. See that you have Brand's Essence in your store cupboard.



What Brand's Essence will do



FOR INVALIDS

Brand's Essence revives strength, renews appetite. Doctors prescribe Brand's Essence in convalescence even in cases of acute digestive disorders.



FOR DIFFICULT CHILDREN

Children with capricious appetites or delicate digestions have days of refusing to eat. At times like this, a few spoonfuls of Brand's will stimulate their appetite and quickly restore them to a normal diet.



TO HELP THE TIREDNESS OF OLD AGE

As the body grows older, the digestion slows down. Brand's helps to restore the deficiency between digestive ability and bodily needs, and acts as a gentle digestive stimulant.



FOR THE OVERTIRED

When a person is too tired to eat, Brand's, taken during half-an-hour's rest before a meal, will create an appetite. It breaks the vicious circle of overtiredness, loss of appetite, more fatigue.



FOR HOUSEWIVES

Taken as elevenses or before a light mid-day meal, Brand's is a wonderful reviver. It will really help on the day's work when it is too much effort to cook a proper meal.



IN FAT-FREE DIETS

Brand's is an easily digested, soluble protein, completely fat-free. It can be taken with great benefit in diets where fats are not allowed.



FOR ATHLETES

Brand's—concentrated goodness of beef and chicken—is quickly absorbed without taxing the digestion. Specially good if nerves ruin the appetite before trials.



Brand's Essence of Beef 3/3

Brand's Essence of Chicken 4/3

VITAL CARE for vital hair

Daily massage with Rowland's Macassar Oil nourishes the hair by stimulating the flow of the scalp's natural oils on which the vitality of the hair depends. And, when you dress your hair, Rowland's will leave it with a beautiful sheen.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

First made in 1793

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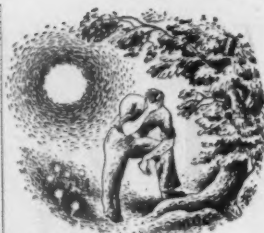
115, CENTURY HOUSE, STREATHAM LONDON, S.W.16 Tel: STREatham 3001 (10 Lines)



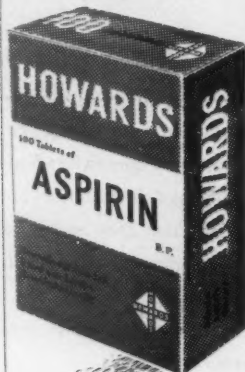
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CHANEL
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THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

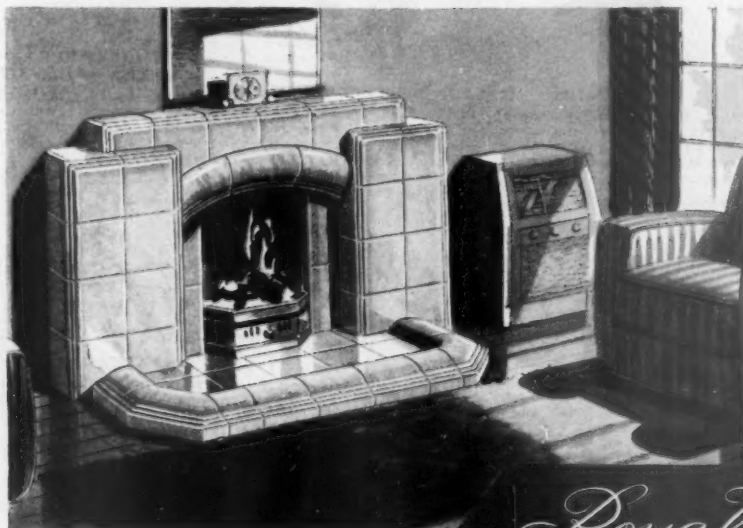
CHANEL



Not the cheapest . . .
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When Summer Comes . . .

. . . The warm tracery of Summer sunlight steals further into the room bringing to life all the delicate colours and hidden charm of your Royal Vention Fireplace—in Summer and Winter the pride of your home.



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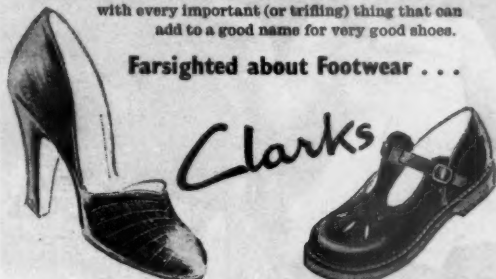
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We were 100 years ahead then . . .

Which present-day shoe-making firms were showing at the Great Exhibition of 1851? Only Clarks! Ever since, Clarks have gone on 'getting in first'—with new shoe styles, with better fitting methods, with improved equipment for their skilled shoe-craftsmen—with every important (or trifling) thing that can add to a good name for very good shoes.

Farsighted about Footwear . . .



C. & J. CLARK LTD. ESTABLISHED 1825, STREET, SOMERSET, ENGLAND

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Watch by Baume



Baume watches go with the finer things of life—there's real artistry in them, real craftsmanship. Assembled and timed with the highest skill at Baume's own factory in Switzerland.

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THE
GOOD WATCH

Baume & Co. Ltd.

London and Le Chaux-de-Fonds



Safety first!

So long as your first consideration is the garments your boy wears next to the skin, he is safe from the hazards of unpredictable weather. At all times essential, CHILPRUFE offers a protection that is more than ever necessary when boys are away from parental care; what is more, it offers every desirable quality of softness, smoothness, perfect fit and finish and, because it is so very durable, true economy.

Chilprufe
for BOYS

CHILPRUFE IS
PURE WOOL
MADE PERFECT

Ask your Chilprufe Agent
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**Be wise
...buy**

Wisdom



BECAUSE... Wisdom toothbrushes have a correctly-shaped handle. They're made to help you get into every crevice, even the hardest to reach. No wonder more dentists favour the Wisdom shape than that of any other toothbrush. Nylon (Round-ended) or Natural Bristle.

THE CORRECT-SHAPE TOOTHBRUSH

MADE BY ADDIS LTD., OF HERTFORD



GARDENER WANTED

JACKSON WAS PROUD of his garden. He put a great deal of work into it. And neighbours would come in to ask his advice and admire his handiwork. So he was not the sort you'd expect to run a fork into his foot. But one Saturday afternoon it happened. His wife bathed and bandaged the wound and for the remainder of that week-end he rested.

On Monday morning, limping slightly, he went off to business. But by the end of the week he was in such pain that he felt compelled to consult his doctor. It appeared his foot had become poisoned—indeed, it would take some time to get the germs out of his system. Yet it would have been so easy to make the wound

antiseptically safe with a little O-syl in water. Then all that pain and worry would have been avoided!

O-syl has been proved by severe hospital tests to kill virulent germs such as Streptococci (causing wound infections) Staphylococci (causing blood poisoning) and B. Typhosum (causing typhoid fever). O-syl is both an antiseptic and disinfectant. Use it as directed and it will keep you, your home and your family safe from disease-carrying germs. Don't learn the hard way. Be wise and O-sylise now.



O-syl

REGD.

***** THE HOSPITAL-PROVED ANTISEPTIC *****

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Pamela's Angle

She's a television fan. She has television heroes and heroines, she reads television magazines, she likes going out to see her friends' television. She likes having her friends 'look in' even more. She's awfully glad the family has an 'English Electric' set* because it really is rather 'special'. Such a big, clear picture — 'simply smashing' for parties.

* Write for fully descriptive leaflet to: The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited
Television Department, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

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FLOWERS-BY-WIRE
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**ROYAL
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A
Very Fine Sherry

BY ROYAL DECREE
Queen Isabella II granted to
Duff Gordon & Co. the use
of the Royal Arms of Spain.

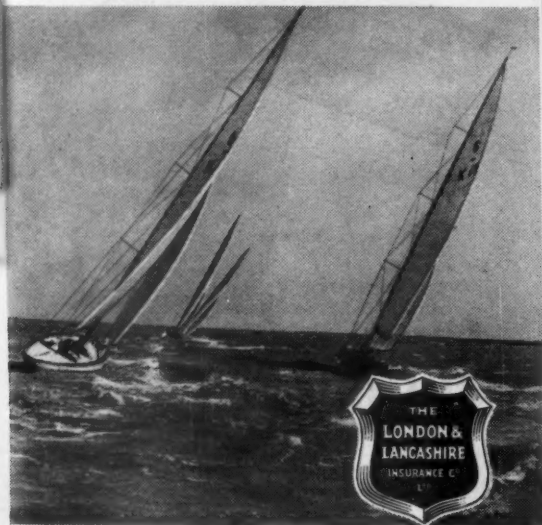
Produce of Spain



From your wine merchant 20/- full size bottle. Also from bars in the Festival Gardens
JARVIS, HALLIDAY & CO. LTD.,  61 PAUL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1

*Fair Winds
or Foul.*

Personal direction and instant
attention are essential



Such direction and attention are features of the
"LONDON & LANCASHIRE" SERVICE
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*For every
Festival occasion*

Est. 1715

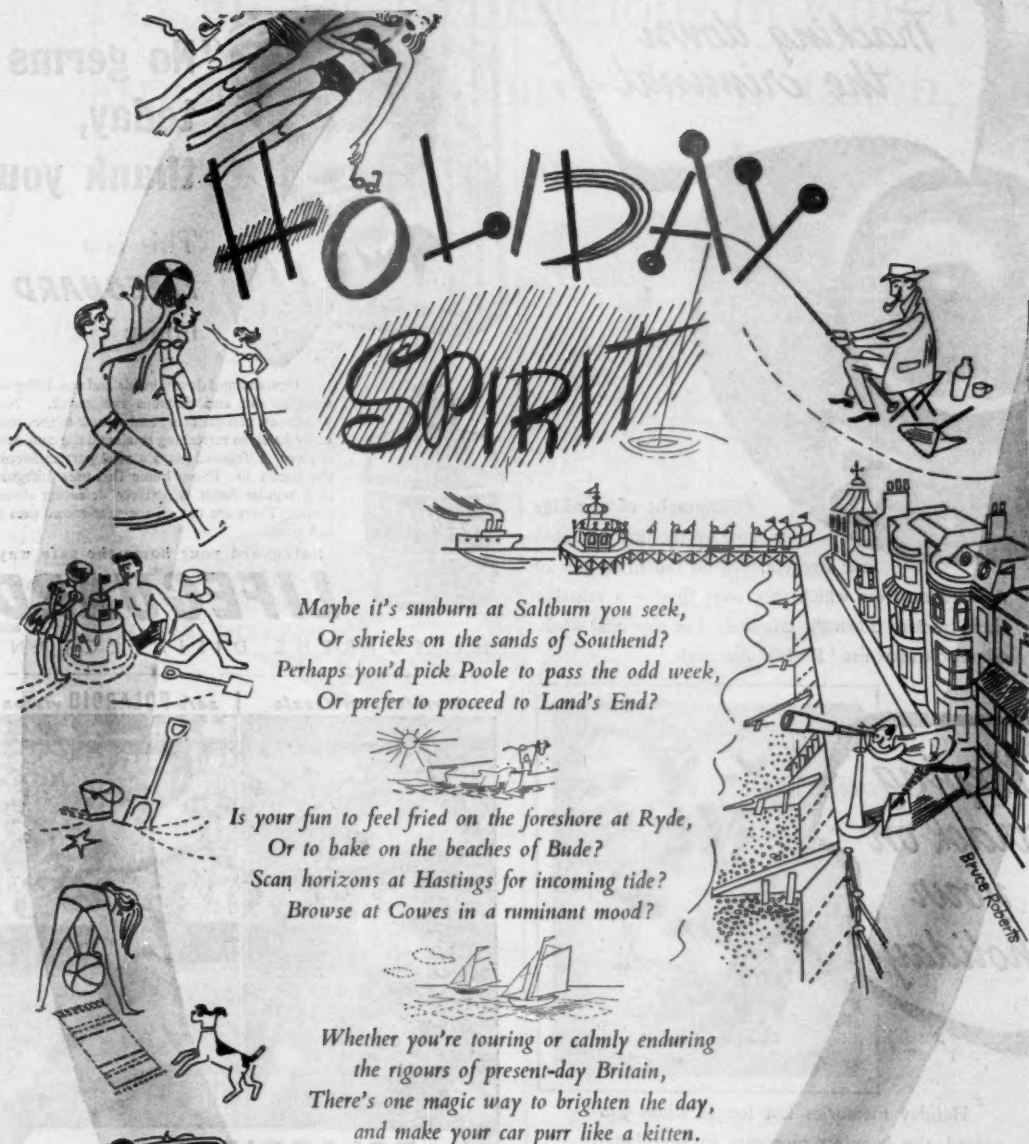


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CORDON BLEU



*A very fine
Liquor
Brandy*

Also
CORDON ARGENT
and EXTRA



Maybe it's sunburn at Saltburn you seek,
Or shrieks on the sands of Southend?
Perhaps you'd pick Poole to pass the odd week,
Or prefer to proceed to Land's End?

Is your fun to feel fried on the foreshore at Ryde,
Or to bake on the beaches of Bude?
Scan horizons at Hastings for incoming tide?
Browse at Cowes in a ruminant mood?

Whether you're touring or calmly enduring
the rigours of present-day Britain,
There's one magic way to brighten the day,
and make your car purr like a kitten.

REMEMBER

It pays to say



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*Tracking down
the criminal*



Photographs of cartridge ends show up the tiny scratches and irregularities on the firing pin of the weapon from which they were fired — a valuable aid in tracking down the criminal. For this vital work, crime scientists use 'Kodak' materials.

*Keeping
track on
your
holiday*



Holiday memories last longer when you record the happiest moments in snapshots. 'Kodak' film is the making of good snaps.

These are two of the many fields in which

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today,
thank you!"**

This is a
LIFEGUARD
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Upstairs and down, inside and out, Lifeguard searches out and destroys the germs. Non-poisonous, non-staining, and so safe to use, you'll enjoy its clean refreshing smell and the confidence it gives. Lifeguard plays a vital part in keeping the family fit. Every home that uses Lifeguard as a regular habit is actively defeating disease germs. There are 101 all-the-year-round uses for Lifeguard.

Safeguard your home the safe way
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THE SUPREME DISINFECTANT

harmful sun dazzle

safe POLAROID vision



*** POLAROID** *dayglasses
& sunshields*



Don't let glare strain spoil your Summer. Play safe by wearing double action Polaroid Dayglasses and Sunshields. Unlike ordinary Sunglasses which simply dim the view, the unique light polarization properties of Polaroid Dayglasses and Sunshields defeat harmful glare whilst retaining crystal clear detail and colour sparkle. Optically correct and absolutely safe.

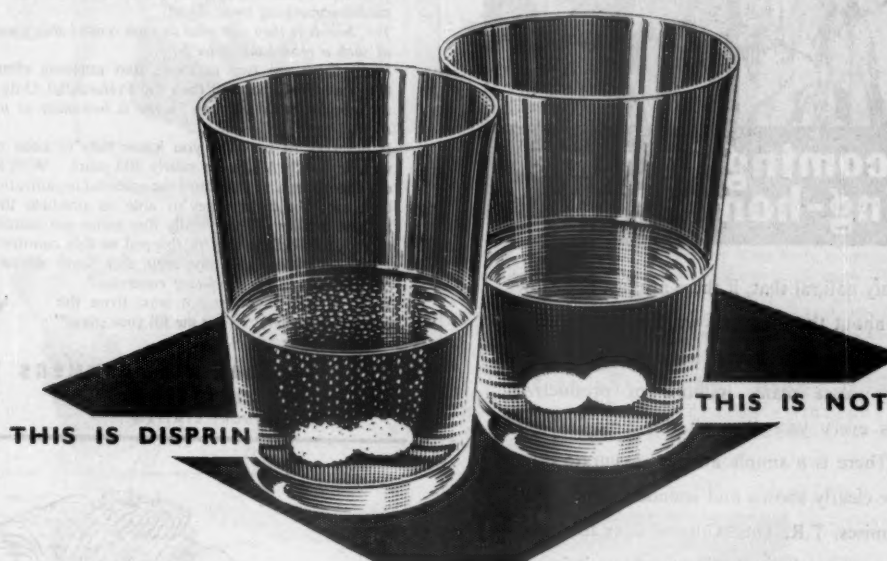
From OPTICIANS, CHEMISTS, SPORTS SUPPLIERS and DEPARTMENTAL STORES.

* Regd. Trade Mark. Polaroid Corp., Cambridge, Mass. U.S.A.

before buying, ask to see the genuine POLAROID test!

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For all those conditions in which
aspirin would have been taken,
DISPRIN is recommended



The tablets in these two glasses have the same purpose: to relieve pain. But they are different. They behave differently in water: they behave differently in your stomach.

The one, 'Disprin', dissolves rapidly to form a true solution. The other is almost insoluble, and enters the stomach as a suspension of undissolved acid particles. Because Disprin is freely soluble it is readily absorbed by the system and its beneficial effects are felt without delay.

Moreover, Disprin is substantially neutral (non-acid), and therefore far less likely to cause heartburn, dyspepsia or other symptoms of gastric irritation.

DISPRIN

because it is soluble and far less acid

From all chemists. 50-tablet bottle 3/4, 26-tablet bottle 2/-, pocket pack 8 tablets 9d.

WHEN IT'S A QUESTION OF TIME...



Is coming-in time going-home time?

It is only natural that, if there are fast and slow clocks about the premises, workers will tend to arrive by the slowest and leave by the fastest. Industry loses many millions of productive minutes every year through this time leakage alone. There is a simple answer. Accurate time must be clearly shown and sounded throughout the premises. T.R. Time Control does this, and much more, to eliminate time waste in industry and implant a wholesome sense of time values in the minds of everyone concerned. Time Recorders, Internal Broadcasting, Internal Telephones installed and maintained under guarantee by Telephone Rentals Ltd.—that's T.R. Service. Spend a profitable moment now to write for full particulars.



TIME CONTROL for making man-hours more productive.
INTERNAL BROADCASTING for staff location, time signals, works relations, announcements and music.
INTERNAL TELEPHONES for speedy speech contact.

WRITE TO INF. P.2 KENT HOUSE, RUTLAND GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.7, OR YOUR NEAREST BRANCH—14 THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM. ALSO JOHANNESBURG, CAPE TOWN, PARIS AND BRUSSELS.

H.F.421

"South African Sherry for me every time

So I've converted you, too, then?

You certainly have! Do you remember you told me to look specially for the fine South African sherries. Since then I've found some which are just exactly to my taste. And don't you find them easy on the pocket, too? That means something these days!

Yes, how is it they can send us such remarkably good wines at such a reasonable price?

Well, there are two reasons: that amazing climate of theirs at the Cape, and then the Preferential Duty.

No wonder South African Sherry is becoming so popular, then.

It deserves to be. Do you know they've been making wine in South Africa for nearly 300 years. With all that experience behind them and the splendid organization they have now built up, they're able to produce the very highest quality. Their really fine wines are matured for many years before they're shipped to this country.

I suppose we can now say, then, that South Africa is one of the leading wine producing countries?

Well, wouldn't you say it was, from the taste of this sherry? Let me fill your glass!"

SOUTH AFRICAN WINE FARMERS ASSOCIATION
 (LONDON) LIMITED



pumping spirits?

Avoid fire risk! Here's the new, SAFE way to pump inflammable solvents, oils, spirits, or fats.

USE GRESHAM'S

COMPRESSED AIR OPERATED

Ejectopump

British Patent No. 580792

which is handling an amazing number of other products including foods, chemicals, paints, abrasives, latex, and biqs water. Some satisfied users are: Grant Bros. (Meat Canners) Ltd., Wm. P. Hartley Ltd., Leyland Paint & Varnish Co. Ltd., Linnar & Trinidad Lake Asphalt Co. Ltd., John Macintosh & Sons Ltd., Norfolk Canning Ltd., Rolfs Roper Ltd.

Write for List 707

See our Exhibit in the Transport Building at the Festival of Britain, South Bank Exhibition

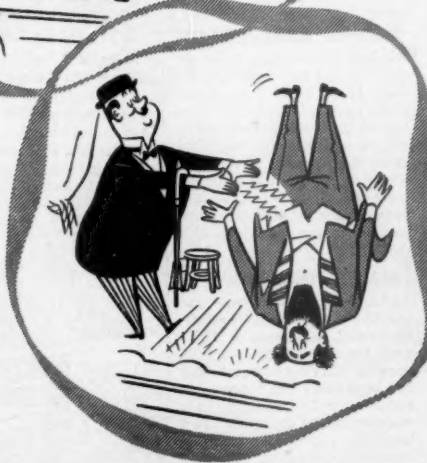
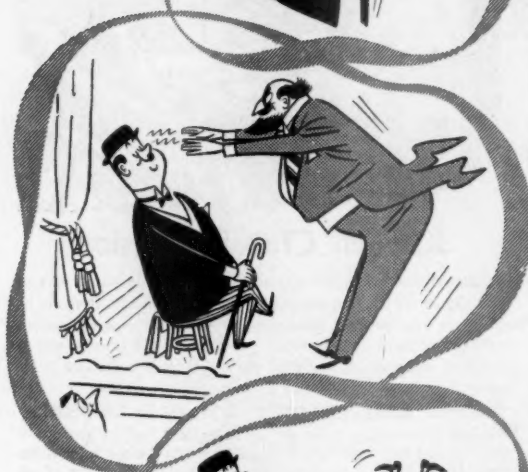
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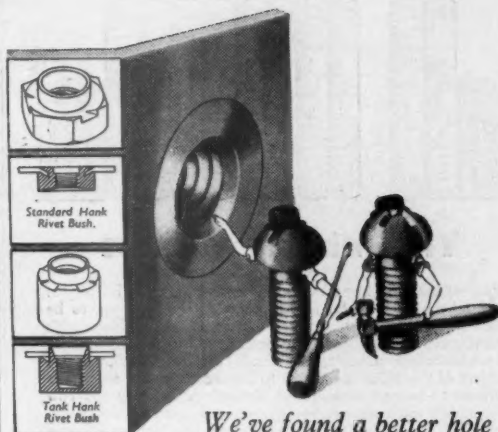
Wilson



A DOUBLE DIAMOND
works wonders



IND COOPE'S DOUBLE DIAMOND BREWED AT BURTON



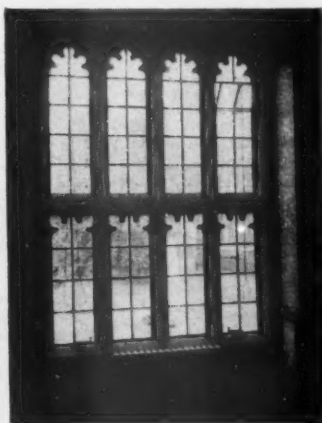
We've found a better hole . . .

Remember the Bruce Bairnsfather cartoon from War I . . . If you know of a better 'ole, go to it. G.K.N.'s Hank Rivet Bush, is roughly speaking, a portable hole: it provides a deep tapped hole in thin sheet. The illustrations (not alas, by Mr. Bairnsfather) show how. There are several versions: for thin metal sheets, for thicker ones for tanks and casings, for plastics, asbestos and plywood. There's your Hank Rivet Bush: go to it.

GKN 'HANK' RIVET BUSH

GUEST KEEN & NETTLEFOLDS (MIDLANDS) LIMITED
SCREW DIVISION, BOX 24, HEATH STREET, BIRMINGHAM, 18

1/10/50



One of the
stained mullion
windows in the
House of Commons
preserved with
Silexine
Stone Paint

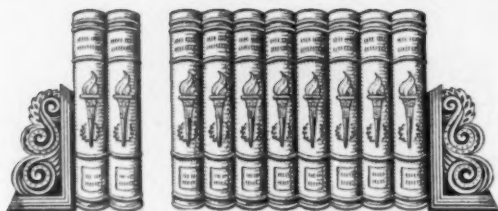
Silexine Stone Paint provides a finish beautiful to look at, with remarkable lasting qualities. It is easy to apply and gives real protection against damp. Can be applied direct to most surfaces including new or old cement, concrete, brick, asbestos, etc. Equally suitable for both interior and exterior work. Silexine Stone Paint has stood the test of time, and is regularly used by Public Authorities, and specified by leading Architects throughout the country. Supplied in twelve attractive colours.

Send a postcard and we will forward full details and B.R.S. Report on damp resisting qualities.

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Made by the Manufacturers of Silexine Plastic Emulsion Coating—S.P.E.C.

SILEXINE PAINTS LTD., 93 GOLDHAWK ROAD, LONDON, W.12



The missing volume

ONE of the most important volumes in the Social History of England has—so far as our knowledge goes—yet to be written. It will deal with the Twentieth Century Housewife and the way her life has been transformed by the introduction of scientific labour-saving devices. Naturally enough, this is a subject of the greatest interest to Hoover Limited, since it is difficult to believe that in this Twentieth Century any two mechanical appliances have done more to ease the lot of the housewife than the Hoover Cleaner and the Hoover Electric Washing Machine. Nor should it be forgotten that Hoover F.H.P. Motors are used in many other domestic appliances.

It seems fair, therefore, to assume that if the missing volume ever comes to be written, a special chapter will be devoted to the activities of Hoover Limited.

HOOVER LIMITED

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SO ORIGINAL * SO USEFUL * SO RESTFUL *

Picture this delightful sectional suite in your lounge and don't be surprised to find you can afford it! It's so functional, so elegant... that's the beauty of AIRBORNE.



The most adaptable suite of today. Four piece model comprising two of the corner and two of the straight sections illustrated above from 80 gns. In an attractive range of coverings.

AIRBORNE
Television Ensemble

insist on the 'Airborne' brandmark.

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Kitchen Club in Session

WOMEN GATHER ABOUT AN AGA to discuss its good points just as naturally as the menfolk congregate around a new car. It would be untrue to describe these impromptu gatherings as debates, because everybody is pro-Aga, and nobody is anti. So the talk usually turns to a friendly argument as to whether the Aga is more useful as a water heater or as a cooker. There's a lot to be said on both sides.

THREE HOT BATHS EVERY DAY

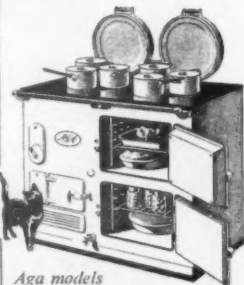
The hot water faction point out that the Aga gives constant hot water at any hour of the day or night, enough for three full baths and all that's needed for washing clothes and washing-up. They stress the economy of the Aga, which is guaranteed not to use more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ tons of coke in a year, burning day and night. That, they say, works out at only 1/- a day for fuel.

AGA THE PERFECT COOKER

Ah! reply the cooking party, but that 1/- a day pays for all the cooking as well. With coke at £5.3.2 a ton, hot water and cooking costs less than £4.11.0 a quarter! And two large ovens, one for roasting and the other for simmering, both thermostatically controlled. Two hotplates, one for boiling, the second for simmering, also thermostatically controlled. No flame to blacken pots and pans. No parts to take out and scrub. Just a wipe with a damp cloth to keep the vitreous enamel spotless and bright.

WINDING UP THE DEBATE

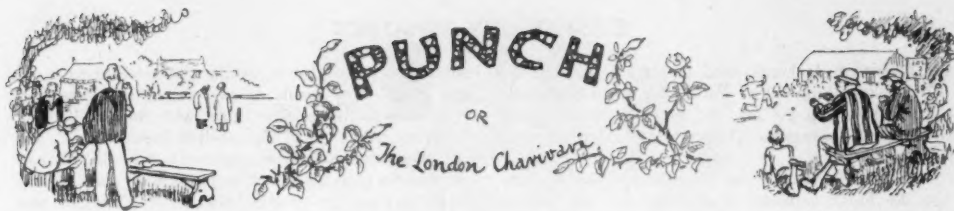
Finally, it is agreed without a division that the Aga is the finest cooker and water heater of all time. It is duly noted that (1) the Aga is guaranteed for 10 years, but will last a life-time; and (2) that H.P. terms can be arranged, if desired, spread over as much as 5 years. The House then adjourns for tea.



Aga models
from £90 to £122

Write for details of all Aga models to:
Aga Heat Ltd., 18/20, North Audley
Street, London, W.1.
(Proprietors: Allied Ironfounders Ltd.)

AGA COOKER AND WATER HEATER



CHARIVARIA

"WITH any kind of broadcast drama," says an author, "the surprise ending is usually the most satisfying." Then why were so many people dissatisfied with the commentary on the Robinson-Turpin fight?

Some Mute Inglorious Beaton

"There are photographs dated 1257. Two of them, of Edward VI and Queen Elizabeth, have fine royal portraits, and this is the first time they have been on view to the public."

Guildford Festival Week Programme

Because its owner had had his name and address painted on its shell, a tortoise was returned to its owner after being lost for five days. In Whitehall the incident is being cited as a powerful argument for the retention of the identity card.



"There was a ding-dong duel lasting nearly one-and-three-quarter hours before McGregor beat the Swede, Lennart Bergelin, 6-0, 4-6, 5-7, 6-0, 4-6, 5-7, 6-2, 6-4.

"East African Standard"

Then they tossed for it.



"A vote of thanks was given to Mr. Trengrove by Mr. Trengrove, and the meeting closed. An appeal for more club members is being held."—*Australian paper*

High time, too.

The Coal Board, we are told, is anxious for more cordial relations with the public. The trouble is, of course, that the public are always suspicious of any Cease Fire suggestions from that quarter.



Russia's decision to help the Czechs in their campaign against the Colorado beetle has been called in the Czechoslovakian Press "a definite step towards repulsing the American imperialist onslaught on the country's prosperity." It is feared in diplomatic circles that the Cominform may have got hold of the plans of the secret beetle-farms in Arizona

A London butcher says: "The housewife has the idea that by changing her retailer she gets more and better meat. But we have to serve what we are given." So does the Food Minister, without even the satisfaction of being able to change his wholesaler.

In Nashville, Tennessee, thieves robbed a fortune-teller of his crystal ball. It couldn't have been working very well, anyway.

COSMOGONY WHATNOT

WITH two elephants dead inside a week and the weights falling out of Wallington Town Hall clock, I have been up to my old escapist tricks again. Hoerbiger's Cosmogonic Theory takes you right away from it all.

The fact is that at the beginning of the Tertiary Age the Earth captured a satellite—not our present thing, but smaller—and there was a devil of a to-do. Mr. H. S. Bellamy, who tells me about Hoerbiger's Cosmogonic Theory in *A Life History of Our Earth* (published recently by Faber), describes the consequences more elegantly. "It caused a cataclysm," he says. "Our planet, straining and lagging alternately in its yet unwonted new path, distorted the geoid, which in moonless æons is practically spherical, giving it a new, slightly lentoid form. . . ." This was bad enough; lentoid means having the form of a lentil and is no shape for a geoid to be in. But worse was to follow:

"The terrestrial surface was split into a number of 'floes' or slabs. Many old fissures, which had been caused by former cataclysms and had already become healed over, gaped again; new cracks opened. At many places water came into contact with its arch-enemy, fire, that is, molten glowing material, and terrific explosions followed. All volcanoes belched.

"And the waters of the seas left their beds . . ."

Without troubling to dress, I shouldn't wonder. When all volcanoes belch it is no time to be looking for your trousers, as the old cosmogonic adage runs. In any case there were few people about at that time to worry, if I understand Mr. Bellamy aright. "Very probably," he says, "the earliest life was very simple in its make-up,* and capable of manifold development" (Darwin had hold of the same notion, but took longer to say it); and it didn't progress much until the influence of the satellite made itself felt. "Life was urged upwards," in fact, "in anastrophic surges of development, during the stationary ages of the satellites—" but I see I shall have to interrupt Mr. Bellamy here to explain about these stationary ages.

This brings me, willy-nilly, to the Abyssinian Anchorage Bollard.

Hoerbiger's Cosmogonic Theory—the phrase occurs twenty-five times in Mr. Bellamy's book, and (as persistent readers of this article will discover for themselves) acquires by about the twenty-third repetition something of the irresistible appeal of a patent medicine—Hoerbiger's Cosmogonic Theory teaches that our pre-lunar satellite orbited spirally inward towards the Earth, increasing its angular velocity as it went, until the day came (I forget the date) when its speed equalled the Earth's speed of rotation. It was over Abyssinia at the time, and now, instead of trailing a tidal hill round behind it, it just dug its heels in, took hold of poor old Abyssinia and gave it a long strong gravitational pull. You never saw such a bulge as resulted. But this "great ovoid projection," in Mr. Bellamy's apt

phrase, retaliated by anchoring the satellite to itself, and round they went, as you might say, together. So there was the satellite, hoist with its own bollard.

What next? Will the satellite break loose? Are anastrophic surges to be expected? Or will the bad old fissures gape again? Compared with such conundrums as these the question whether Mr. Churchill was or was not in Egyptian territorial waters when he bathed at Akaba seems very small beer.

Hoerbiger's Cosmogonic Theory knows the answers. "It was when the Earth's crust gave way, though ever so little," explains Mr. Bellamy, "that the satellite was able to break loose. The small jerk sufficed to disturb the strained system of gravitational ties. They snapped—and the stationary period was at an end." Small though the jerk was, it sufficed to bring the Abyssinian Plateau into being. The satellite, tired but happy, moved off to a position "somewhere off the coast of Baluchistan," where even Mr. Churchill rarely goes, and there became "practically stationary again," causing the mountains in Afghanistan.

I wish I had time to follow the further meanderings of this exemplary satellite—how it oscillated and pendulated, pausing awhile to raise up "the mighty Himalayan and Trans-Himalayan ranges," trailing a wake of magma behind it to form the Malay Peninsula, and not scorning even such second-rate jobs as "pulling the Iberian area towards the south, causing it to pivot on the eastern end of the Pyrenees." But I must leave myself space to warn fellow-escapists to skip the last chapter of Mr. Bellamy's book. It comes too near the present. There is, for instance, a mention of the stomachs of mammoths, which instantly brings the Regent's Park cataclysm back to mind. And worse—far worse—Mr. Bellamy peers into the future. Volcanoes belching in the past I can enjoy; it is a very different matter to read that our own kindly Moon is orbiting spirally inwards and planning to raise up an anchorage bollard of its own. "During its chief mountain-building period it will lay new stratified rock-systems and embed samples of the life then existing as fossils. . . ." Will it, indeed? "It will gather a girdle tide, and make the waters flow off again after it has disintegrated and after its material has descended upon our Earth in a tremendous cataclysm."

I can hardly wait. Meanwhile, what are the Government going to do about it? Or is the situation too cosmogonic for them to make a statement?

H. F. ELLIS

Punch Festival Exhibition

The Punch Room and an Exhibition of recent original drawings are on view to readers at the Punch Office, 10 Bouverie Street, E.C.4, on any WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

* Hoerbiger's Cosmetic Theory



"SH!—I AM INVOLVED IN VERY DELICATE DISCUSSIONS."



"Have the odd penny ready, please."

ORDER OF PLAY

"THE first set will begin as soon as four members—A B C and D—have arrived on the court. Should members E and F have arrived by the time the set has ended, they, together with the first two arrivals, A and B, will make up the second set. If, at the end of the second set, three other members G H I are then waiting, the third set will comprise those members together with member C; if only members G H have arrived, the set will be played by the four members G H C and D; if member G is the only fresh arrival, the composition of the set will be G C D E."

It seemed to me that nothing could be plainer or more reasonable

than this notice. Especially with its palliative footnote: "Should a member wish to alter the composition of sets, he or she can do so by voluntarily standing down from one set."

Mr. Elliott browsed over the thing and looked disturbed. He tapped the paper, and with a sort of threat in his voice asked what was the idea.

"No idea," I said brightly; "just thought it would save argument. The present voluntary system of sitting out is unfair to the generous-hearted. I have known the more enthusiastic to go the whole evening without sitting once."

"Humph," he said doubtfully. He sat on the seat and corrugated

his brow. He got up and approached the board once more. Curiosity struggled with pride. "Who am I?" he asked at last.

"B," I said; "I'm A." I jotted this down in a notebook before I forgot.

"Oh," he said.

Before the conversation could get farther, Daisy and Miss Johnson arrived. They came through the gate together, but looked as though a continent separated them. Since the Brampton Tournament they have chosen to ignore each other's existence.

"C or D?" I said to Daisy.

"C," she said.

Miss Johnson was reading the notice; she didn't open her mouth,

but there was a gleam in her eye. She played with Mr. Elliott and they beat us 6-2. By the time we had finished, Mr. Daniels had arrived. I jotted down a rapid E. The page looked like this:

A 1, 2 Key: A —Me
B 1, 2 B —Elliott
C 1, 2 C —Daisy
D 1 D —Miss Johnson
— E —Daniels
E 2

Mr. Elliott evidently thought it was time someone made a move. He cleared his throat, put on a martyred expression, and said "I'll sit this one out."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," I said firmly; "you'll play with Mr. Daniels, Daisy and me."

Mr. Elliott looked profoundly shocked: "Three men and a woman?" he stuttered.

"As you are by far the best player of the four, you shall play with Daisy against Mr. Daniels and me; the set will not be uneven."

"It seems," said Daisy with dignity, "that at last the national trend towards equality in sex has reached this court. That being so, we will toss for partners in the usual way."

Miss Johnson butted in icily: "It is taken for granted, I see, that I am voluntarily standing down from this set in order to alter the composition of it."

"Not at all," I said; "you have no option in the matter, you are D."

"I have," said Miss Johnson, "as much right to be called C as has your wife; we entered the club together."

"I was the first to reach the gate," said Daisy.

"It depends," said Miss Johnson, "on which gate you are talking about: the club gate or the gate to the court."

"As far as I can see," said Mr. Elliott, "it don't matter much either way, because neither of you will be playing in the next set."

It was perfectly true; Miss Prendergast and Miss Hodgkin had entered unnoticed. I got them down as F and G respectively. I soon realized that the book was now wrong: it showed the second set as A B C E when, in fact, it should be . . . what! . . . A E F G!

"Mr. Kelling is on his way," shouted Mr. Elliott, with one eye clamped to a hole in the hedge.

I sank on to a seat; events were moving too quickly for me. I urgently waved on Mr. Elliott with a mumble about the footnote. Miss Prendergast was pushing over her first serve as Mr. Kelling skirted the mower. I crossed out what I'd written before and, with no regard for algebra, got this:

A 1 Key: A —Me
B 1, 2 B —Elliott
 $\frac{1}{2}$ CD 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ CD —Daisy
 $\frac{1}{2}$ CD 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ CD —Miss Johnson
— E —Daniels

E 2 F —Miss Prendergast
F 2 G —Miss Hodgkin
G 2 H —Kelling
—

H
The third set would be H A $\frac{1}{2}$ CD $\frac{1}{2}$ CD. I gave a sigh of relief; this seemed to give a satisfactory solution to the problem of the two CDs. Then I saw Mrs. Shorthouse bearing down on me . . .

Over supper Daisy wasn't at all down-hearted about the attempted innovation. She said if only Miss Johnson wouldn't try to push past people at the gate there might easily be no more resignations.



THE FESTIVAL OUT OF TOWN

II. Carnival at Hurstpierpoint

INVIGORATED by last week's whiff of the great outdoors, let us take another look at the fair and open face of heaven, or as much as we can see of it for bunting and balloons. Here, for instance, is Hurstpierpoint—or Hurst, as it like, to call itself—a straggling Sussex village shielded from Brighton's urban glitter by the green shoulder of the Downs. You've never heard of it? It couldn't care less, especially on Carnival day.

When during a preliminary reconnaissance I asked the committee how far the Carnival would echo the Festival theme, Mr. Thair, respected butcher and Chairman, assumed an expression of considered tolerance. "Well, now," he said, with a glance round his Cabinet, "the Parish Council did ask us about that, didn't they; gentlemen?" And Mr. Finch, respected postman and Vice-Chairman, led the rest in murmured assent. Then there was a pause, and Mr. Geering handed me a list of prizes to look at; the subject could not have been more diplomatically shelved. It was not (I deduced from subsequent hints) that any feelings of disparagement were entertained towards Mr. Morrison's project: indeed, a measure of recognition was to be afforded it by the inclusion of a South Bank feature in the Grand Procession, with Skylon and Dome; moreover, an approach had been made to the British Travel and Holidays Association on the ground that Festival guests might be intrigued by the Carnival stoolball competition—a suggestion, I regret to report, which seems to have been received coolly. But the Skylon and Dome are, after all, mere upstart symbols of revelry; they weren't here last year, and won't be next; Hurstpierpoint



Carnival, however, has disrupted a summer Saturday every year since 1896, and expects to do so for some centuries to come. A Parish Council could hardly ask for anything more.

That 1896 display was a modest one, just a procession of garlanded bicycles. Strides have been made since then. On this bright, blue afternoon the streets are bulging under the press of decorated wagons; the 1st Hurst Girls' Life Brigade Band marches on before, ebulliently tootling, and Queen Pat Pinnock and her attendants (all a good deal prettier than a lifetime's study of local Press photographs has led one to expect) ride in majesty

behind. Spectators surge and eddy in a way that would not be allowed for a moment within a two-mile radius of the Shot Tower, and congeal hilariously round "The Lamb" or the "New Inn" where competitors in the Comic Pram Race are gulping the statutory tankard of ale before whirling off with their ten-stone, night-shirted charges to the next port of call. The Children's Fancy Dress event is prefigured by gaudy splashes among the multitude—miniature clowns and harlequins, firemen, chimney-sweeps and gnomes, witches, spangled sprites, Solomon Islanders and (at a guess) Russian



admirals. Balloons are everywhere. The gas-filled variety (a short-lived but satisfying bobsworth) are already soaring into the stratosphere, except where, to the sound of frustrated wailings, they lodge like great jewels in the trees round the green. The heat is intense.

It is interesting, if difficult, to detach oneself from these visual excitements and attempt an analysis of the all-pervading din. Some of it comes from the steam-organ of the visiting roundabout, squirting its uncertain course through "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," a ciphering note in the upper register conniving at harmonies of wild and unusual beauty; some is just yelling and clapping and the exchange of highly personal remarks between spectators and participants; some is the overheated grumble of the bedizened tractors, and the proud clop of Queen Pat's grey cart-horse; some the indignant tooting of motorists, unable at such short notice to catch the spirit of this uncharted obstacle between London and the sea. But most of it is just plain laughter.

The laughter is sustained unwaveringly as the afternoon hastens by. True, there was a nasty hush in the committee tent when it was found that no rope had arrived for the tug-of-war; the carefree crowds



yelling their appreciation of the Largest Biceps contest little guessed what feats of improvisation were taking place backstage, and how nearly they failed to see Brighton Police (blue shorts, white knees) tugged across the line by the victorious Cowbeech (green shorts, brown knees). But the rope arrived at last—two, in fact. And

other threats to the day's success were of only minor significance: there was a very temporary ice-cream shortage, those eager for tickets in the Grand Draw were held up for a time while the tented scribes recovered from writer's cramp, and several young spectators tried in vain to get themselves ironed flat during the push-ball match; that was about all.

The prizes were glittering, many of them literally. The Grand Draw alone offered thirty, and there were "no blanks" in the Children's Fancy Dress. Prizes?

The wonder is that anyone was able to come away without one—a quarter of a ton of coal or a parcel of groceries, a bicycle or a barometer. And all given for the good of the cause.

The proceeds of the Carnival used to go to the hospitals, but these, as a programme note quietly put it, "are now provided for in other ways." To-day the chief beneficiaries will be Hurst's old folks, those ancients whom we saw sitting in the sun under the churchyard wall as the procession got under way, and most of whom have by this time gained the inner fringes of the main arena; there, overlooking the oblong of grass, they concentrate with mahogany impassiveness on the wheelbarrow race for boys and girls under fourteen, or the Ladies' Mystery Competition, in which the neighbourhood's young and fair courageously submit to public inspection without a notion what the judges are seeking; it turns out to be "best head of hair and nicest hair-style," as it happens—but just imagine. (The Gents' Mystery was "most knobbly knees," and an old man of cynical disposition who had spent his day watching the swing-boats suggested that some of the lasses should have tried for it . . .)

And now, it seems quite suddenly, the sun has gone down behind the trees, and a whisper of

breeze is causing the ladies in the stoolball outfield to chafe their arms a little, and sending off the last few gas-filled balloons at sharper angles; the very young and the very old begin to think about their suppers; the Queen, most of her royal duties over, though the presentation of prizes still lies ahead (with dancing to follow), moves democratically among her subjects. ("Hello, Pat," they say, "I like your dress . . . well, bye-bye, duck"); and in the committee tent, tired but happy, the prime movers in these innocent frolics are totting up the silver harvest.

It has been a good Carnival. The weather has been wonderful—but then it always is on this day, everyone knows that. May it hold over to-morrow morning, when the committee will be up with the lark and down on its hands and knees, gathering up the ice-cream cartons and streamers and toffee-papers and fag-ends and draw-tickets and lollie-sticks and mineral-bottle tops and the small gaudy remnants of ill-fated balloons. . . . The committee get no prize. Virtue is its own reward. But if anyone fancies giving them a cheer I shall be very glad to lead it. J. B. BOOTHROYD



AT THE PICTURES

No Resting Place
Hotel Sahara

BEARING in mind PAUL ROTH's honoured name in the field of documentary, one might work up a nice little argument to the effect that his first feature film, *No Resting Place*, makes nearly all its appeal for reasons that are as it were documentary reasons. In saying this I don't mean to imply the sort of thing that has often been said about certain films, that they are fictionalized documentaries, or documentaries with a sugaring of fiction, or that they include in their narrative passages of documentary about this or that; I mean something more fundamental, a question of consistent style. Very much of the strength of *No Resting Place* comes from the fact that it makes the most commonplace and insignificant object or the tiniest and most ordinary movement interesting to look at, all the time. It's a reasonable theory, at any rate, that a director who is used to handling such small fragments of reality in films of fact will naturally tend to tell a fiction story by handling the same sort of ingredients, wherever possible, in the same way. Here he has made a considerable success of an adaptation of a novel by IAN NIALl about Irish tinkers which might, treated with arty earnestness, have turned out both depressing and boring. In fact not a minute of it is boring, and although it is a tragic little story it is by no means depressing, either. Made entirely on location in Ireland with an all-Irish cast, it



When Irish Eyes Are Not

P.C. Mannigan—NOEL PURCELL; Alec Kyle—MICHAEL GOUGH

is an account of the grim pursuit of a tinker by an elderly Civic Guard determined to convict him of murder. There is really astonishingly little incident of the kind that would fill out a synopsis; and yet, as I say, it is endlessly interesting merely to watch these people doing perfectly unremarkable things—the policeman getting on his bicycle (why should I remember that swiftly dissolving flash at the end of a scene, with the solitary tiny figure on the hill?), the two priests passing in half-heard conversation, the little boy lighting the oil lamp. I don't think those in search of emotion will find much, except perhaps in the performance of EITHNE DUNNE as the tinker's wife; but for those capable of appreciating an unusual, unpretentious film, visually very attractive indeed (camera: WOLFGANG SUSCHITZKY—his first feature film, too), this will be a continuous pleasure.

Hotel Sahara (Director: KEN ANNAKIN) is artificial nonsense no more subtle than a music-hall

sketch, but it has enough fun—simple and obvious though much of it is—to prevent one from wishing to leave before the end. The basic situation in fact is a stage-farce formula: simply a variant of the old you-mustn't-be-found-here, they-mustn't-meet, multiple-doors romp that has kept audiences in fits for years. But the scale is bigger, and the scene calculated to appeal to such ex-members of the Forces in North Africa (to whom the film is indeed facetiously dedicated) as like to look back on those days with nostalgic amusement. PETER USTINOV appears with great enthusiasm as an Egyptian hotel-proprietor plagued successively by patrols of Italian, British and German troops, most of whom fall for his betrothed, a hip-wiggler with all the charms of YVONNE DECARLO. Cheerful, uncomplicated, empty stuff, amusing at the time and with no after-effects whatever.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London, only the long-established good ones seem to hold out against the holiday season: *La Ronde* (16/5/51) and *Four in a Jeep* (20/6/51).

There is one first-rate new release: *Storm Warning* (21/3/51), a crisp melodrama about the Ku Klux Klan, made unusually enjoyable by the ironical use of odd, convincing detail. Remember also *Ace in the Hole* (27/6/51) and *White Corridors* (27/6/51).

RICHARD MALLETT



To the Victor, the Spoils

Emad—PETER USTINOV; Mme. Pallas—MIREILLE PERRY

L'APRES-MIDI D'UN PHONE

"HELLO!"
"Hello, yes!"
"That you, Charlie? It's Bob here."

"I half expected you to ring. Short for to-morrow?"

"Well, as a matter of fact——"

"Who's cried off?"

"John Cannister has to go up to Scotland on business."

"I mean which of the reserves?"

"Now, look here, Charlie, it's no use taking that line. You know dam well you'd be in the team every week if I had my way."

"What's the matter with Monkhouse? He's available. Isaw him in 'The Crown' the other night with Ned Pendlebury. They were thinking of going up to Lord's."

"But we don't want Monkhouse: we want a batsman. We want you."

"I'm sorry, Bob, but I've made other arrangements. How's Madge?"

"Madge is fine, thanks. What other arrangements?"

"Oh, nothing much . . . anyway, that's my business."

"But you said you were coming down to watch the game."

"I changed my mind. Sorry, Bob."

"You'll be letting the side down."

"I rather doubt it: you seem to get along pretty well without me most weeks."

"Is that final?"

"Fraid so. Have a good game, Bob."

"Cheerio, you monster!"

* * * * *

"Hello! Is that you, Bob? Charlie here."

"Oh, hello! I was hoping you'd change your mind."

"Did you try Monkhouse?"

"He's playing golf."

"And Meadows?"

"I was just going to ring him. But if you're O.K.——"

"I don't know yet. As I told you I've made other arrangements but I dare say I could fix things."

"I'd be very grateful."

"I can't promise anything. You know what Dora is. Anyway,

I'll ring you back in about an hour. Will that do?"

"I shall count on you."

"About five o'clock, then."

"Cheerio."

* * * * *

"Hello! Charlie!"

"Yes, but I said I'd ring you. What's up?"

"Monkhouse *can* play after all. He just rang through. So I thought I'd better let you know immediately before you cancelled those arrangements."

"I have cancelled them."

"You *have*! Gosh, I'm sorry about that. But I thought Monkhouse was definitely playing golf. You understand?"

"Perfectly—I half expected it."

"That's jolly decent of you, Charlie."

"Isn't it?"

"Well, so long!"

"Cheerio."

* * * * *

"Charlie? It's me, Bob, again."

"I recognize the voice."

"I hope you didn't fix up those other arrangements again, because we'll need you after all."

"Monkhouse?"

"No, not Monkhouse. Well, how about it? Can you turn up?"

"Who's cried off this time?"

"Will you, Charlie?"

"Who's cried off?"

"Tommy Pawson."

"I didn't know *he* was playing!"

"He wasn't: he was standing umpire."

"Oh!"

"Well, what about it, Charlie?"

Charlie! Hello! Are you there, Charlie? Charlie . . . Charlie . . .!"

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

WHITE VALERIAN

THEY all neglect you, white valerian,
lover of stony ground, uncared-for ditches,
and old walls.
Neighbour of the lichen's rust,
the flint's sharp shadow, the snail's small caravan—
flower of waste places, modest as the dust,
they all neglect you, save old country bodies
who like to find some garden-coign for you
as well as larkspur, and proud Pretty Betty:
not, white valerian, for the unassuming
beauty of your small petals' neat cross-stitches
but because they believe—though this they'll not
confess—
you are not liked by witches.

Have witches died out, white valerian?
Evil has taken a more overt shape
perhaps, and troubles more the soul of man;
but old beliefs die hard,
and your white sparks
good Neighbour Spite, who has sharp eyes, remarks
in a corner of my garden,
and your seed
pearl cross-stitches are not neglected quite—
good Neighbour Malice tells me you're a weed.

R. C. SCRIVEN

SOMETHING IN THE ROOM

SOMETIMES, just before I fall asleep in a strange bedroom, I become aware that a scaly being about two and a half pounds in weight is clawing its way up the wall and breathing heavily. I pay no attention. I am used to strange bedrooms now, and I know that the moment I reach for the switch the creature will squeeze miraculously through a crevice and fly off into the night on creaking, leathery wings. I simply say "Huh!" to myself, and turn over.

There was a time, however, when even the commonest nocturnal sounds (such as the unmistakable thud of an iron-shod hoof against the picture-rail) would have me out of bed like a shot. I had the idea that these noises were capable of rational explanation. For instance, if I heard the persistent thrashing of a heavy tail somewhere by the washstand, I believed that when I turned on the light I should find either a curtain flapping in the breeze, or a hairy beast with yellow eyes drinking out of the water-jug. Gradually, of course, I came to realize that there never is an explanation.

People used to tell me it was all a question of the dressing-table shrinking. But I cannot be

persuaded that the shrinking of a dressing-table will produce the sound of webbed feet shambling across the ceiling, or the rolling of mallet-handles under the bed. I am even doubtful whether a dressing-table shrinks at all, even in the night. I can imagine a club arm-chair relaxing a little during the small hours, but never a dressing-table.

Bedrooms with fireplaces produce the widest variety of sounds—even wider than bedrooms with h. and c. I have known headless things with ten legs keep scrambling about in bedroom chimneys, and I shall not easily forget the Saturday night in Swindon when a cracked bell with a wooden clapper tolled dismally up the flue every twenty-five minutes until dawn.

But my most spectacular encounter with a bedroom noise occurred in theatrical digs in Birmingham in nineteen thirty-three. At four o'clock one foggy morning in late November, ten minutes after I had replaced the volume of Strindberg on the bedside-table and blown out the candle (the electric current having been turned off at the main at midnight), I heard a sound which I can only describe as

"cheep-cheep," repeated at irregular intervals and accompanied by a faint, furtive scraping. It didn't take me long to conclude that a mad bird had flown in through the window and was now engaged in making itself a temporary nest in the cardboard box on top of the wardrobe.

I lit the candle, put on my dressing-gown, and stood on a chair. "Cheep-cheep," went the noise. I reached cautiously up into the fluff on top of the wardrobe, and knocked over a bronze book-end in the shape of a three-legged elephant. This object crashed to the floor, and would, I am convinced, have penetrated to the landlady's bedroom if it had not been for two thicknesses of lino.

"Cheep-cheep," went the noise, in a surprised tone.

I took down the cardboard box, and, holding it well away from my face, opened it. It contained a Viking's hat with two horns, a full ginger wig with earpieces, and a moth-ball. No birds.

We are nearly all children at heart, and when the landlady entered with a bicycle-lamp, I was wearing the wig and trying the helmet for size.

"What were you doing with this elephant?" she said.

"I thought there was a bird," I said, and the conversation petered out into a baffled silence.

"Cheep-cheep," went the noise.

The landlady frowned. "I must get that seen to," she said. Then she gave me a last suspicious glare and went back to bed.

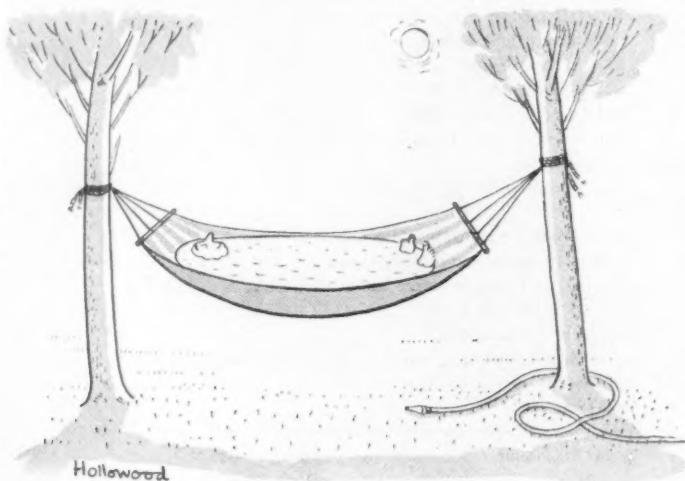
I don't believe she ever did get it seen to. I don't believe she even knew what it was. But she put the elephant's fourth leg on my bill at the end of the week.

ALEX ATKINSON

6 6

"Wanted, Assistant Master, general subjects, in Preparatory School, 90 boys. One keen on work."—Advt. in "The Times Educational Supplement"

Beastly little swot.





"There's nothing wrong with you that regular food and a spot of evolution won't put right."



"Who does it turn out to be?"

FORTY BREAK UP

ARE there any more readers to give in? Look under your desks and make quite sure that there is nothing there.

Please miss, my lunch bag and my glasses, miss.

Don't be fussy, Beryl. You know quite well that I mean school things. We are still three paint brushes short and two "Enchanted Glade" readers. Not a child goes home until they are found. Here are the ratepayers dipping into their pockets week after week finding paint brush after paint brush for you, and you haven't got the common decency to put them back in the cupboard. Look again.

There's two under this empty desk. And a lovely lot of gum!

Dreadful! Throw it in the basket. Nothing but boiled down horses' hooves and gaudy paper. Not the PAINT BRUSHES, for heaven's sake! The idea!

You lent one paint brush to Mr. Allen last Thursday.

Thank you, Jane, that's really helpful. You may go to Mr. Allen and ask if we may have it back please. Sit down the rest of you. This classroom is literally a tear garden this afternoon. Hands on heads, shoulders,

heads, on the desk, in the air (there's no need to stand up), heads, laps! LAPS! The noise!... I'm looking for two kind trustworthy children to take the tadpoles home for the holidays. That's much better. Why can't you always be as quiet as that? Jimmy, would your mother let you have the tadpoles?... Oh! Well—Angela!

Yes, miss. My mum says she loves all dumb friends.

Good. Now, one more sensible child. It's no use, John Todd, on the very last afternoon, flinging out your chest and holding your breath. You are no more fit to have charge of a defenceless tadpole than the blackboard. I want someone who really has their welfare at heart, and can change the water without dribbling tadpoles headlong down the sink. Can you do it, Peter?

Yes, miss, Cubs' honour!

Very well. What is it, Jane?

Mr. Allen says he's counted his paint brushes and he's only just got enough.

Oh, he has, has he? I will speak to Mr. Allen myself later.

And please, he says he's a pair of scissors short and have you got them?

Tell Mr. Allen, dear, that I have counted my scissors and I am sorry, but I've only just the right number.

Please miss, our drawings.

Anne and Elizabeth, give them out. You are to take them straight home if you want them, and don't let me find alternate patterns and free illustrations blowing all over the playground when I go home. If you don't want them where do they go?

IN THE WASTE PAPER BASKET!

Why must you shout so just because you are breaking up? Have the common sense, Michael, to keep that crayon drawing away from your white shirt. There now! Your poor mothers—seven weeks of you! That reminds me, which day do you return?

SEPTEMBER THE ELEVENTH!

Don't forget, then. Put the lids of your desks up and I will come and have a final inspection. As I thought, two "Enchanted Glades" under John Todd's desk! Why two, in any case? I'm truly sorry for your teacher next term. Who is it to be?

Mr. Allen, miss.

Oh! I see—h'm, yes. And what is this horrid thing? An old apple core, I think.

You think! That's just exactly what you don't do, my boy. In the basket! It amazes me that this class keeps as free from typhus as it does with the disgusting objects it harbours under its desks. One more thing. Who has had property confiscated this term?

You've took four things off of me.

Not "off of," Martin, "from." Very well, I shall return your things this time if you promise never to bring them to school again. Come and fetch them as I hold them up. Catapult, gun, catapult, catapult, pea-shooter, gun, two marbles, a very nasty sweet—on second thoughts I shall throw that away—gun. That's all.

Please miss, you took a torch battery off of me, and my dad wants it back.

It's not here now, I'm afraid.

My dad won't half cut up rough.

You should have thought of that before. You had no business to bring anything of your father's to school.

But he never knew I had it till you took it off of me, miss.

Exactly. All the more reason—but I can't go into that now. There's the bell. Stand quietly, chairs up on tables—QUIETLY! Hands together, eyes closed, and sing very softly . . . That was lovely. Hands away. I hope you have a very happy holiday, children.

SAME TO YOU, MISS!

Thank you. Help your mothers as much as you can and go to bed early.

SAME TO YOU, MISS!

Go gently down the stairs. We don't want to start the holidays with half the class maimed. Lead on, then.

QUIETLY! GENTLY! DON'T PUSH!

Oh, well!

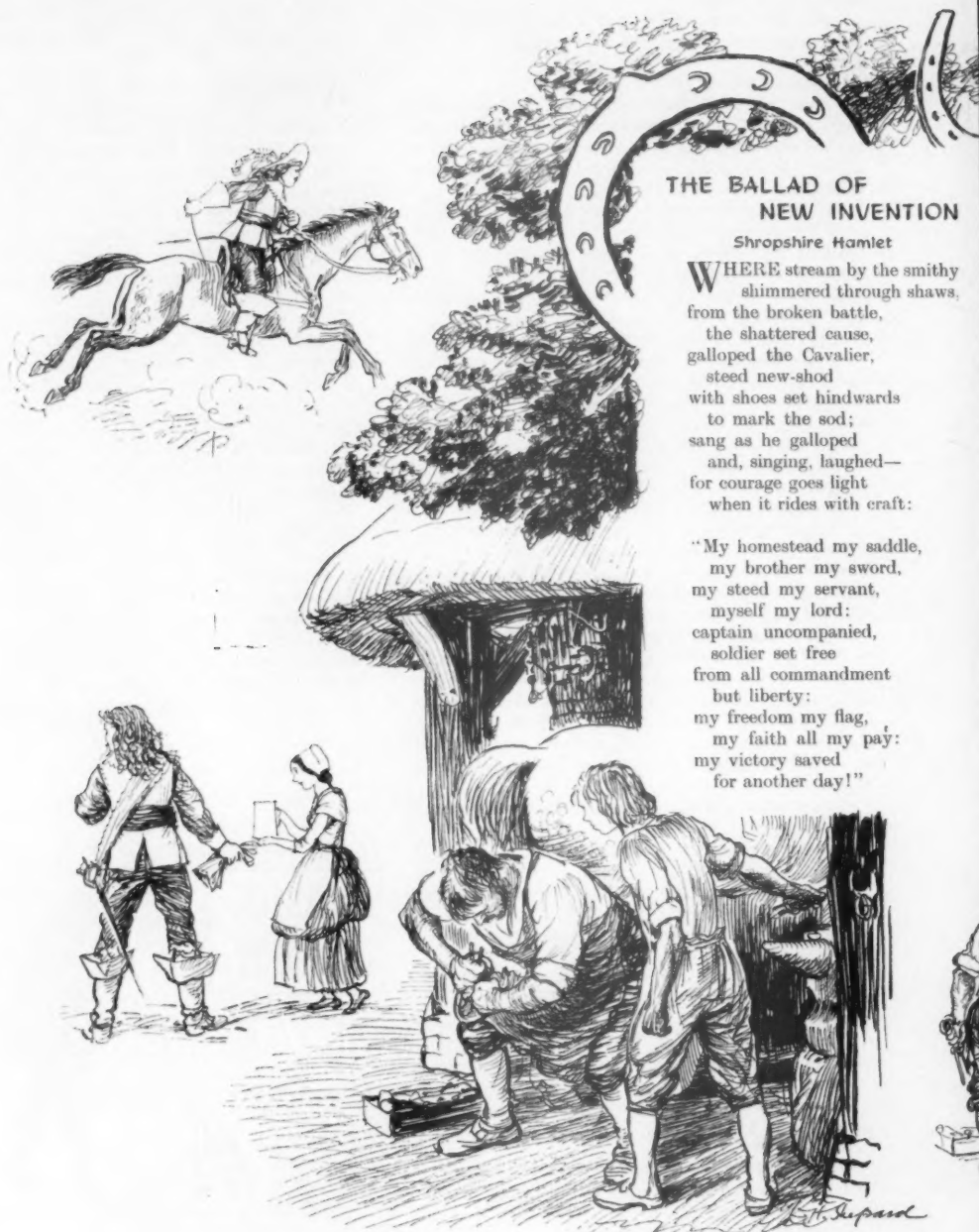
THE POSTMAN

At their conference at Llandudno the Postmen complained of the inordinate number of stairs they had to climb.

A POSTE-MAN ther was with us al-so
That on his roundes hadde longe y-go
From hus to hus al one about the toun;
I seigh that on his bakke his male was broun,
Ther-in he bar the lettres dore to dore;
But lude he pleynd that his feet were sore
And al his limms for verray toyle wolde ake
When-as he moste his hie ascensioun make
By steppes oon by oon in everich blokke.
And moche him peyned that he coude nat knokke
But sholde ringe a bel at eche flatte,
For skilful was he at a rat-tat-tatte.
A peked cappe he wered on his heed;
Blew was his cote, purfled al with red,
And eek his trousern, al from top to toon.
That lighte heng up-on his lethern shoon.
Of lettres knew he all the newe genne,
Yet nas he nat a mayster of the penne.
He coude wel of everich stampe the hewe,
Which was of pourpre, which of reed and blew,
Though they were al y-chaunged in a twinkke
That at hir colours men wolde stare and blinkke.
By morwe, as he paced along the strete,
A score of eyen wolde his comyng grete;
And sikerly hir hert with joye wolde fille
But-if it were a taxe or els a bille.
Wel coude he ope and shutte a pilar-boxe;
His hair was broun as any hund or foxe,
And he was of an even age, I trowe;
His name and wonyng were to me unknowe.

G. H. VALLINS





THE BALLAD OF NEW INVENTION

Shropshire Hamlet

WHERE stream by the smithy
shimmered through shaws,
from the broken battle,
the shattered cause,
galloped the Cavalier,
steed new-shod
with shoes set hindwards
to mark the sod;
sang as he galloped
and, singing, laughed—
for courage goes light
when it rides with craft:

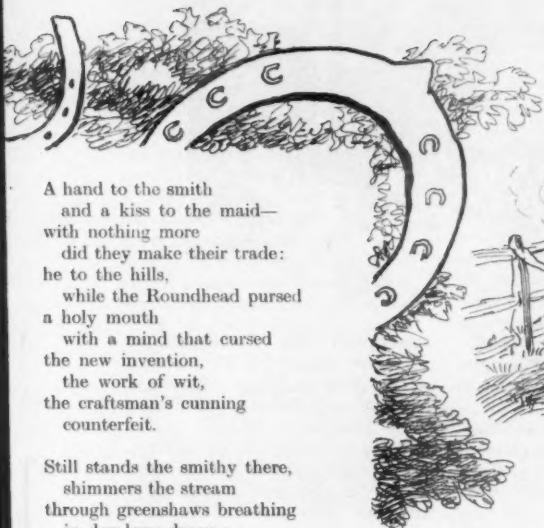
"My homestead my saddle,
my brother my sword,
my steed my servant,
myself my lord:
captain unaccompanied,
soldier set free
from all commandment
but liberty:
my freedom my flag,
my faith all my pay:
my victory saved
for another day!"

A hand to the smith
and a kiss to the maid—
with nothing more
did they make their trade:
he to the hills,
while the Roundhead pursed
a holy mouth
with a mind that cursed
the new invention,
the work of wit,
the craftsman's cunning
counterfeit.

Still stands the smithy there,
shimmers the stream
through greenshaws breathing
in day-long dream:
still rides the cloak
of the Cavalier
through the moon-soft night
in the may of the year:
still is grandchild
by grandsire told
of the gay invention
that grows not old:

the high invention
that meets all cost
with the faith that dawns
from the day that's lost.

ALUN LLEWELLYN





FAMILY UNLIMITED

WHEN Robert Raikes, feeling that Sabbath frolics in the city drains could be improved on, started a Sunday school for the down-and-out children of Gloucester, he ran into trouble; and among other things he was accused of "interfering with the designs of Providence by making the poor discontented with their station in life." That was in 1780, in the full complacent glow of the Age of Reason, but very little happened during the succeeding eighty years to alter England's high-handed attitude to its destitute children. Such orphanages as were opened often carried the quaint stipulation that candidates must be legitimate, and even by the 1860s it was still nobody's official business to do anything about the horde of starving city children who lived like rats, stealing when they could and sleeping anywhere. Ragged Schools had started in the East End of London, but only touched the problem briefly.

In one of them was working a young Irish medical student, preparing to be a missionary in China—Thomas Barnardo. At a meeting at the Agricultural Hall he astounded his audience with the story of a boy who, admitting he was homeless, had led him to a whole nest of similar boys sleeping in a wilderness of old sheds near Houndsditch. Lord Shaftesbury, impressed, invited Barnardo to dinner; the other guests were sceptical of his tales, and so Shaftesbury called for cabs and the party went

off on an expedition of grim discovery that led, in 1870, to the opening of the first Barnardo home in Stepney Causeway.

Its founder never got to China, and by 1905 he had killed himself with overwork, but he will go down in history as one of the small company of great men who first put hope into the lives of the children of the very poor. From the house in Stepney Causeway, much expanded, the largest organization in



the country for the care of children is still directed. Dr. Barnardo's Homes have passed into the language of mercy as a haven to which no destitute child is ever refused. 133,000 children have been through them, equipped for useful and happy lives. From small babies to girls and boys getting ready to earn their living, 7,000 at this moment make up the current Barnardo family, spread over 108 branches of different kinds through Great Britain and Ulster. Their upkeep costs about one million pounds a year, and this tremendous sum is found by public

subscription. The Homes are a very good example of a voluntary society that helps to fill, with economy and efficiency, one of the many gaps in the Welfare State. Building difficulties less than money shortage limit their further growth.

Dr. Barnardo began with Homes for boys, and his first experiment for girls was a failure, because it followed the lines of the older institutions. In 1876, however, he opened his Girls' Village Homes at Barkingside in Essex, and these were so successful that the pattern can still be seen in the larger Barnardo groups. After his death the principle of mixing junior girls and boys was adopted, so that brothers and sisters could be together and children could lead a natural life; and from this grew the idea which is now the central aim of the movement, to let children live so far as possible in a Christian family atmosphere of family fun and family affection.

The children who come into Barnardo's at the rate of three or four each day may do so for widely



different reasons. In a small proportion of cases magistrates have given a custody order because of cruelty or neglect, and then Barnardo's assumes full legal responsibility until the age of twenty-one. But most are the victims of sheer bad luck. One or both parents have died, the home has broken up, or perhaps because of some temporary financial or housing difficulty their parents cannot look after them. With all such children the aim of Barnardo's is to restore them to their families whenever that can safely be done. Each year many do go back.



In the old days a child went to an institution—grizzly word!—and that was that. Nobody bothered to find out about his talents or handicaps. The modern approach is quite different. Many of the children entering Barnardo's go to a Reception Centre, where doctors and psychologists make detailed reports on their capacities. After about a month's observation their cases go before a central Placement Committee, which decides the kind of Home most suited to them. A child with a strong tie with his

family may well be happiest in a cottage group; a lonelier one may develop better with foster parents. Roughly a quarter of Barnardo's children are boarded out with carefully chosen foster parents, whose work is checked and helped by visitors, and who can come for advice to a Child Guidance Clinic at a Reception Centre. A particularly bright child is usually sent to a foster mother who lives close to a good grammar school. By arrangement with local educational authorities most Barnardo children use the nearest suitable school.

The Homes are graded according to age, but it is found that five-year-olds and upwards mix well with adolescents, who like helping to look after them. In addition to his schooling each child is given an opportunity to learn a trade. A Nautical School and a Technical School, for instance, are available for the boys. When a Barnardo child leaves school and starts work—there is a busy Situations Department—he goes to a Barnardo hostel, or, if a more independent type, to selected lodgings. Up to the age of twenty-one, and sometimes beyond, his wages may be supplemented where necessary so that he has sufficient pocket money. Barnardo visitors keep a friendly eye on him. In the past many Barnardo children emigrated most successfully to the Dominions, but restrictions now make this difficult;



Australia is the only remaining outlet, and the standards demanded are formidably high.

The Garden City we visited at Woodford Bridge, Essex, is a large and typical colony that has been a Reception Centre and is in process of switching over to a group of Village Homes that will include a section for cripples—Barnardo's runs its own hospitals—and also a girls' secondary modern school. The things that struck us most were a pleasing variety of dress (Barnardo stood out boldly against the Victorian passion for uniform), space, reasonable comfort, care for beauty in the small points that make for taste, and all the signs of an active and very cheerful community life, encouraged by adults whose relations with the children appeared delightfully natural.

The lay-out is admirable, with large cottages dotted among lawns and trees. Some of the cottages are mixed, some are for one sex only, but in any case the children know one another and can visit freely. The nursery has an enviable store of toys. Gliders, yachts, and inter-cottage sports' trophies showed us where the boys lived. All the rooms have big windows and good colour schemes, and are shiny as an admiral's pinnace. Forty-odd acres include a playing field, a gym, a fine swimming bath, a paddling pool, a carpenter's shop, space for Scouts and Guides, and—I should have mentioned it earlier, for it is a main influence in the children's lives—a beautiful and simple church in which all Protestant denominations can feel at ease.

When we left, the older children were arriving from school for a solid meat tea. Girls and boys, they came in little knots, grinning and chattering; and it seemed to me, to the lasting triumph of Dr. Barnardo, they came as if they were indeed coming home. **ERIC KEOWN**



"Have you change of a pound?"

MISLEADING CASES

"Paying to Rule"

Rez. v. Gentle, Good and Haddock (Before a Divisional Court)

MR. JUSTICE HORNET, giving judgment in this enthralling case, said: The defendants, Gentle, Good and Haddock, are charged with offences against Section One of the Finance (New Duties) Act, 1916. That Act, for the purpose of raising new revenue for the temporary purposes of war, accepted the barbarous principle of a tax upon amusement. "No persons," it said, "shall be admitted to any entertainment except

(a) with a ticket stamped with a stamp (not before used) denoting that the proper Entertainment Duty has been paid, or

(b) in special cases with the approval of the Commissioners, through a barrier which, or by means of a mechanical contrivance which, automatically registers the number of persons admitted."

Theatres, as a rule, do not employ turnstiles; the business of affixing stamps to tickets was tiresome; manpower was precious: so, in the circumstances of war, there was a third arrangement. Theatrical managers and other "entertainers"

were permitted to give security that they would keep an exact account of the numbers of persons admitted and hand over the appropriate tax at the end of the week. This was a great convenience for the Board of Customs and Excise. They did not have to provide stamps or (except for an occasional visit by an inspector) officials. The managers did the Crown's work for it. For them it was a great labour, and required very often an increase of staff. Moreover, since the duty was included in the price of the tickets, the arrangement concealed from many of the public the extent of the tax, and the managers were blamed for high prices which were really the work of the Crown. Yet these toils and troubles were cheerfully endured by patriotic men. What is more surprising is that when the war was concluded, and the "temporary" tax continued, they still sheepishly co-operated with the perfidious State, and have done so ever since.

In the present year, according to the evidence, there has been a change. One of those unpredictable

gusts of spontaneous feeling familiar to the student of affairs has swept through the entertainment world as an April gale blows through the forest. Each branch of entertainment, it seems, has a different grievance. In the cinema, at a time of exceptional difficulty, the tax has been increased in the present year. In the theatre, objection is expressed to an arrangement by which some theatres pay no tax at all. Football and billiards pay at a lower rate because they are "live" entertainments, but motor-bicycle racing is not so indulged. Circus pay at one rate and horse-racing at another. The defendant Gentle, for the Greyhound racing world, expressed a particular grievance against the State. Dog-racing, with "live" dogs, it seems, pays entertainments tax at the full rate, and in addition a betting tax is levied upon the dog-race course which is not levied upon the horse-race course, or anywhere else.

These complaints do not concern the Court except as an atmospherical background to the case. They all had one result. The defendant Good, we are told, wrote to the Board of Customs and Excise as follows: "I am producing a play called *Hamlet* at the — Theatre. The State, I understand, desires to levy a tax on the tickets of all those admitted to see it. Very well. The State is supreme. But I am a theatrical manager, not a tax-collector. Let the State collect its own — taxes! From Thursday next pray send your officers to the Stalls, Dress Circle, Upper Circle, Pit and Gallery entrances of this theatre (at 6.45 Mon. to Sat., and 2.15 Wed. and Sat.), ready to affix the appropriate stamps to any tickets I may sell. This will be a nuisance to our public, but it cannot be helped. At least they will realize where their money is going, and the odium of the tax will fall where it should."

Mr. Gentle wrote, not less robustly: "Next Saturday we are having a Greyhound Race-meeting at the Stadium. We are loyal citizens doing our best to give pleasure to the people, pay our due taxes, and make an honest living. But the State has given us so little

consideration that we see no reason why we should cosset the State. We are tired of doing sums for the State and we can no longer afford the extra staff. Let the State do its own dirty work. Pray send officials (with stamps) to the twenty-six entrances of the Stadium in good time on Saturday—also to the many other race-courses controlled by this Association, a list of which is appended. *L'État—ce n'est pas moi.*"

These two letters, by themselves, might have caused no great anxiety at the fine Customs House at Billingsgate: but, as I have said, a kind of contagious fever was abroad. Entertainers of every kind sent similar letters in the same week from every city and corner of the realm: and it may well be that the Board of Customs and Excise, in these days of full employment, was unable to furnish officials sufficient to meet the very numerous demands. Accordingly, by his own account, the defendant Haddock, having purchased an expensive stalls ticket for the play called *Hamlet*, waited in vain at the head of an eager queue for an Excise official to stamp his ticket. It never entered his mind, he told the Court, to enter the auditorium with an unstamped ticket, for he is, he says, an unusually law-abiding subject. But, when the orchestra was heard, the pressure of the impatient people behind him was too much for him, and he was swept unwillingly into the stalls. A similar misfortune befell him two days later when, through no fault of his own, he found himself watching the dog-races with an unstamped ticket.

Now, the Crown says that in both these cases he is "liable to an Excise Penalty" of £50 as a "person admitted" contrary to the Act, and that the defendants Good and Gentle are each liable to the same penalty as "the proprietors" of the entertainments to which he was "admitted."

The answer of the defence is simple. They say that he was not "admitted"; that both he and the proprietors did all that could reasonably be expected of them to prevent his "admission"; that he was forced into the theatre, and into the dog

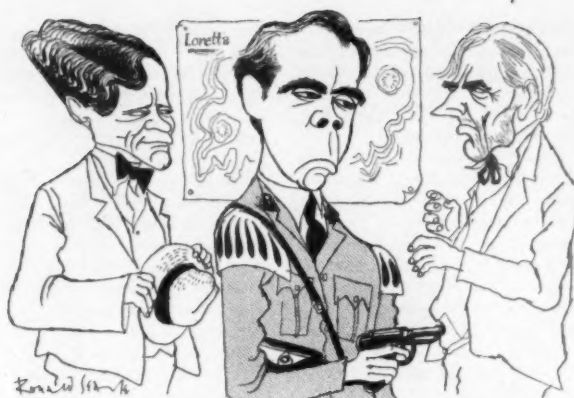
arena, by the irresistible pressure of the crowd: and that for that pressure the Crown itself was responsible by its failure to provide sufficient officers to stamp the tickets lawfully sold and purchased.

The Crown says that it was the duty of the proprietors to stamp the tickets. But for that contention the Court has been unable to find any support in law. There is nothing in the original Act, or in the numerous regulations made under it, which commands the proprietor in every case to affix the stamp (there is an exception where tickets are issued in "books or sheets" and the tickets pass out of the proprietors' control). It would be surprising if it were otherwise. Many Customs and Excise Duties are collected every day at our sea-ports. If the Customs officers failed to be present to collect what was due from the passengers of a home-coming ship, no one would expect the shipowner to do their duty for them, and no

Court would condemn a passenger who, after searching vainly for a Customs officer, entered the waiting train and proceeded to his home with his dutiable goods. The parallel seems to me to be exact. The Crown is wrong.

Mr. Justice Rutt said: I agree. But I wish to add a word or two. It may be that after this decision the Excise Commissioners will seek to escape from their difficulties by making a regulation requiring the proprietors to stamp the tickets in every case. I may say at once that in my opinion such a regulation would be *ultra vires* and of no effect. Tax-collection is the business of the Crown, and if Parliament desires these serious powers and duties to be handed over to private citizens it will, without doubt, clearly say so, as it has in some affairs, but not in this. For one thing, the tax-collector is worthy of his hire, and must be remunerated like the rest of us. The case is dismissed. A. P. H.



**Reluctant Revolutionary**

Commissar Paulus—Mr. FRANK SHELLEY; Oliver Loretta—Mr. DAVID MARCH
Mayor of Loretta—Mr. JOHN MCKELVEY

(To the Island)

AT THE PLAY*To the Island* (OXFORD PLAYHOUSE)*Storks Don't Talk* (COMEDY)

R. STEPHEN SPENDER's *To the Island* was begun before the war, I understand, and only finished recently; in a hurry, one would guess from the roughness of the final scene. The similarity of the story to that of Sartre's "Crime Passionnel" is strangely close. Once again an earnest young Communist is entrusted with the execution of an important traitor to the Party, whom he reveres, and is later shattered when for convenience the Party makes a martyr of the dead man. Both the beginning and ending of Mr. SPENDER's play are stilted and unconvincing, but in the middle there are fine scenes in which the youth's dilemma is very well expressed and the position of his victim, a too honest rebel, is made powerfully dramatic. Only in these scenes does Mr. SPENDER justify his use of verse, which elsewhere in the play proves awkward and even ludicrous.

The boy, son to a vaguely Mediterranean count exiled from his island for autocratic methods, goes back with his wife to join the insurgents, and is ordered by a

visiting Commissar to shoot the Mayor, a saintly person who has led the islanders courageously but has insisted on playing fair with the other side. No sooner is his rather woolly idealism blasted by the cynicism of the Commissar than the island is captured by his father's forces and he is once more so shocked, this time by the ruthlessness with which the rebellion is put down, that he kills himself.

Much more than the boy, who is a prig, the Mayor is truly a tragic figure of the twentieth century, an intelligent and upright man who hates violence as he hates injustice. He and the Commissar, whose fanatical belief in the identity of truth with "the Cause" is demonstrated in dialectic familiar but still terrifying, are far the most interesting characters, and it is a pity that so much of the play should have been wasted on second-rate trimmings. The introduction of a new horror-weapon at the end leaves one wondering what after all it is trying to say. The world is in a jam, certainly, but that we knew already. As for the unnecessary incident of the baby served as beefsteak to its starving father, this must surely

share the honours with the crucifixion-cum-ants to which Mr. Eliot so coolly assigned his heroine in "The Cocktail Party." To my mind, Mr. SPENDER's verse, which has strength and beauty in the mouth of the Mayor, breaks down in the scenes of domestic realism; verse cannot fail to be funny when, for example, the boy's mother, who has just tripped over countless bodies in the town square, suggests in solemn circumlocution that it is time the nasty war was forgotten in a nice holiday at Monte Carlo. The use of snappy couplets at tense moments is also disastrous. In spite of all these faults, however, the play is never pretentious, and at its best is impressive. Stiff in places, the acting reached excellence with Mr. JOHN MCKELVEY's Mayor and Mr. FRANK SHELLEY's icy and terrible Commissar. Mr. SHELLEY also produced.

The less said about Mr. CHARLES LINCOLN's *Storks Don't Talk* the better. Very properly, it came off.

Recommended

Strongly, *His House in Order* (New), a Pinero that still stirs indignation. Peter Brook's beautiful production of *The Winter's Tale* (Phoenix) is another winner, and for laughs nothing touches *The Lyric Revue* (Lyric, Hammersmith).

ERIC KEOWN



(Storks Don't Talk)

Exiled Excellency

Prince Igor Ignorovitch—
Mr. MISCHA AUER

JAUNDICED

"THERE's that awful Dome of Discovery," said the woman on the bus. She explained the use of the adjective. "Ooh! Feet!"

The conductor said "You been there?"

"Been there!"

"You should see them on Waterloo Bridge at night," the conductor said, "to see the lights go on."

"I suppose they can't afford to go in."

The conductor steadied himself against the seat. "It's cut rates then, though, remember—it's time to go home. And what's five bob at any time? And half-a-crown for the kids. Except Tuesdays. There was a bit I saw in one of the papers about a railway signalman who took his missus and the kids, and only spent one pound ten-and-seven on the day."

"Only?" the woman said.

"Two kids it was they took with them. They paid their admission money, fifteen shillings, then the first thing they did was go in the Transport Pavilion. They didn't have to pay anything there, and they didn't have to pay anything to go in the Dome of Discovery you said. Then they went on to pavilion after pavilion, and it said they found to their amazement that guides in neat grey uniforms were waiting and willing to show them everything, and no one wanted them to pay."

"So naturally they didn't offer."

"It's all free," this signalman kept on saying, and there were other families all round them, it said, who'd come expecting to find that a day on the South Bank was an expensive business."

"They must have felt like Columbus discovering America. Did they have anything to eat did it say?"

"They took sandwiches because they'd heard the meals were expensive, but they threw them away." The conductor mused. "At least I suppose they threw them away, because it told you how much they spent on food. It was funny about that," he speculated. "I remember

it said they had three tomato soups one-and-six—"

The woman saw the point of his difficulty. "One of them didn't have any soup."

"Three teas ninepence," the conductor continued, counting off the details on his fingers, "two rolls and butter fourpence, tomato sandwich sixpence—"

"One?"

"That's what it said. Three hot meat pasties eightpence each, and a fruit salad each at one-and-six. Then there were one or two other small items, it said, to make up the one pound ten-and-seven—another half-a-crown for the programme, and ices for the kids two shillings. They all agreed they'd

had a wonderful time." The conductor made a final effort of memory. "And on top of everything, it said, were the lights that sprang into life when night fell, turning the whole South Bank into a dancing fairyland of colour."

"And lighting up the faces of the people standing on Waterloo Bridge."

The conductor prepared to return to his tasks. "That meal was a bit of a mystery though, wasn't it? Everyone went short of something, and one of them just seems to have had a fruit salad."

"That would be the signalman," the woman said. "He was the one who was paying."

G. A. C. WITHERIDGE





IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, July 16

That Monday feeling, said by comedians and psychologists to afflict mankind, takes a curious form in the

House of Commons:
Defeat is Registered

House of Commons. Members return to the House, after their week-end contacts with what Mr. Churchill still calls (using the phrase of other times) "the world out-of-doors," simply bursting with pugnacious energy.

Members seemed to have plenty of the pugnacity and energy to-day—but it was the numbers in which they returned that left room for criticism. But we anticipate. . . .

In due time the House began the discussion in Committee of a Bill about forestry. It was one of those nice, pastoral measures (the trees not having yet been planted) and it went along with appropriate smoothness. There was, it is true, a little polite contention over the right of lawyers to fight the battle for, or against, the compulsory purchase of land for afforestation, but Mr. TOM WILLIAMS, the Minister of Agriculture, showed no sign of perturbation.

And then—

Strolling nonchalantly into the lobbies for a routine division on a highly-technical amendment, Members were so little impressed by the possibilities that few of them even bothered to go back into the Chamber. But, a moment later, there was a wild Charge of the Not-so-Light Brigade, as a yell of triumph—or something—came from the Floor. Rushing in, Government supporters found Mr. WILLIE WHITELEY, the Government Chief Whip, sitting red-faced, while the Opposition Members—magically mobilized from somewhere—shouted their joy. For the Government had been defeated, by three votes.

Mr. R. A. BUTLER promptly made the traditional demand for an

adjournment, so that the Government might consider its grave position, but Mr. CHUTER EDE (a supreme realist in these matters) said blithely that he thought it a better idea to go right ahead with the Bill, leaving it to the Government to consider at leisure whether to accept the unwanted amendment, or to try to reverse it later.

Lord WINTERTON, as Father of the House, stormily demanded that the tradition of adjourning be followed, and expressed the hope that, if the Government would not surrender, the Opposition would force

replied to all questions monosyllabically—if at all. Several times he ignored questions altogether, until a mighty roar of "ANSWER!" brought him to his feet.

Eventually Mr. Speaker stopped the fight, and the House, in a very different atmosphere, considered a Bill to put right a tiny oversight in the Civil List Act of 1937—which failed to make proper provision for the allowance of £6,000 a year granted to Princess Margaret when she comes of age, on August 21.

Tuesday, July 17

Mr. ALFRED BOSSOM, architect of many buildings in the United States, won a roar of cheers this afternoon

House of Commons:
Timely Aid Offered

when he quietly asked that a message be sent from the House of Commons to the people of Kansas and Missouri, offering them sympathy—and more tangible aid—in the floods and fires that so sorely afflicted them.

Always quick in its sympathetic response to such human problems, the House, with another all-round cheer, approved the announcement by Mr. ATTLEE that he had already sent a message on his own account and the further statement by Mr. Speaker that he would willingly send one on behalf of the House.

If a prize had been offered for The Most Surprised Man in Westminster this afternoon it would have gone, without doubt, to Mr. W. ROBSON BROWN. Called out to see a constituent, Mr. R. B. rose, bowed politely to the Speaker, and began to step forth.

But from the Chair, in crystal clear tones, came the voice of Mr. Speaker CLIFTON BROWN, pronouncing, with startling crispness, the name "Mr. Robson Brown!"

The honourable Member stopped in mid-stride and swung round with the authentic air of the criminal caught red-handed.



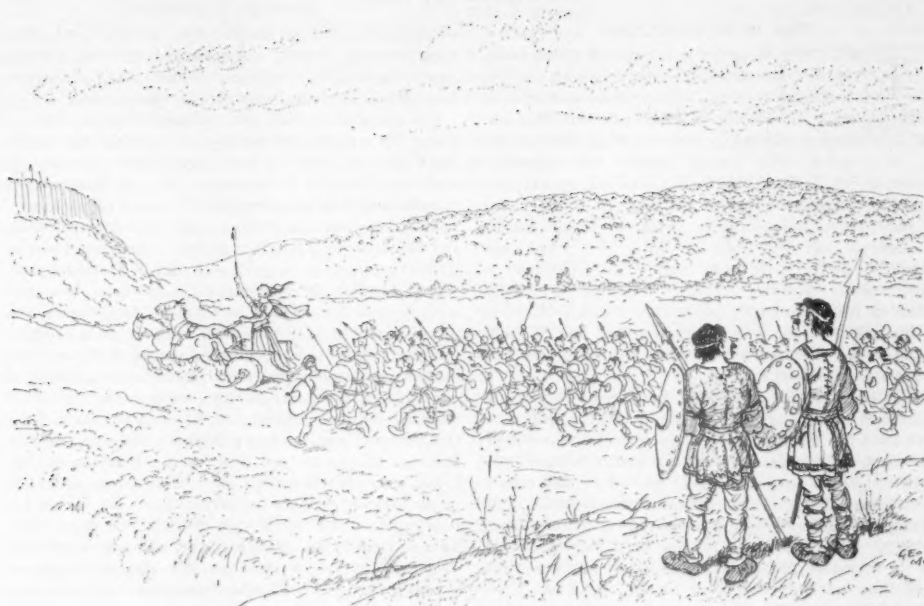
Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. M. K. Macmillan (Western Isles)

it to do so. The three Liberals who had provided the adverse margin in the previous vote showed signs of not wanting another round, and, although many Tories "worked on" them, they shook their heads.

So no tellers were nominated for the Opposition, and that meant no division, which, in turn, meant that the House went on with its calm consideration of the Bill. An exciting interlude in an otherwise unexciting day.

It did look at one time as if things might blow up a bit over the Egyptian interference with the British freighter *Empire Roach*, in the waters near Akaba. Mr. HERBERT MORRISON became so irritated by Opposition questioning that he stopped dead in the middle of a reply and sat down, pale and tight-lipped, in a huff. Thereafter, he



"They'll be asking for equal pay next."

Mr. Speaker recovered first, and chuckling hugely called: "Oh, sorry!"—he had thought Mr. R. B. had risen to ask a question. Mr. BROWN bowed again to Colonel BROWN—and all was well.

Another Mr. Brown—Mr. GEORGE BROWN, Minister of Works—announced that he had arranged for the Tower of London to be open to visitors on Sunday afternoons during the summer months. Someone suggested a pat on the back for the Beefeaters for their public-spirited action in agreeing to the extra work.

For the record: One honourable Member said to a Minister: "There are cases, one of which he has been written to about."

The debate was about local government, and Mr. JACK MACLAY complained that local government was becoming central Government diffused, because of the taking over of functions by the local offices of Government-appointed Boards and

Commissions. That, he thought, could not be right. So he wanted something done by the Government to restore the prestige of local government.

Mr. HERBERT BUTCHER powerfully supported this demand, saying that the Boards took over all the best country houses, into the privacy of which they retired, keeping contact with the outside world through hordes of Public Relations Officers. And this, said Mr. B., firmly, simply was not good enough, especially when the great past of local government was remembered.

A surprising number of Members on all sides took the same view, but Mr. HUGH DALTON, replying as Minister of Local Government and Planning, was stoutly refusing to take "a gloomy view about local government" when the hands of the clock moved to closing time, and the subject was talked out with no vote taken.

Wednesday, July 18

Students of Parliament's procedure had something new for their collections to-day, namely a motion not heard

House of Commons:
A Bill Laid Aside

for many long years. Mr. Speaker reported that a Bill passed by their Lordships infringed the privilege of the Commons by dealing with a matter possibly involving a charge on the subject. So the only thing to do was to order that the Bill be "Laid Aside." Mr. WHITELEY promptly moved that this be done, and done it was.

Mr. Speaker dealt quite briefly with a Member who had been held up by the police on his way to the House and later summoned, and who wanted to know if this constituted a breach of privilege. Mr. Speaker held that it was not, *prima facie*, and that a Member could not stop legal proceedings merely by tabling a privilege plea. But more may be heard of this.

BOOKING OFFICE

Vigil of an Austringer



THE thing about being associated with a hawk is that one cannot be slipshod about it. No hawk can be a pet. There is no sentimentality. In a way, it is the psychiatrist's art. One is matching one's mind against another mind with deadly reason and interest."

So writes Mr. T. H. White in *The Goshawk*, an extraordinarily exciting account of his attempt to train one of these proud killers, the largest short-winged hawks in Europe. At the time, in 1937, Mr. White was unsettled and ripe for the simple life. He took a gamekeeper's remote cottage, obtained a young goshawk from Germany, and settled down to bend it to his will with the help of three books, one of them dated 1619. He had never met a falconer, and had never seen a trained hawk.

To begin with he adopted the old hawkmaster's technique of keeping the bird awake until it ceased to dive from the fist in sudden fury. Cruelty was out of the question; a goshawk would die rather than submit to it. In three days and nights he had six and a half hours' sleep, but the first milestone was passed. The weeks that followed were punctuated by triumph and despair. Time stood still for the tired trainer, keyed up in ceaseless mental struggle with the beautiful devil that sat, inscrutable, on his fist. "At one time he would be a maniac, his eyes sunken and glaring, his brows frowning, his mouth open, his expression that

of a crazy archduke in Bavaria. At the next, beak closed, brows raised, eyes normal, he was nothing more formidable than an infant Gos, ridiculous, inquisitive, confiding, almost a despicable pet."

It was a whole-time job. When Mr. White was not doing his own housekeeping, or shooting the hawk's food, he was walking with him round the country, soothing him with Shakespeare (which he preferred to Gilbert) and having to remain icily calm in the face of maddening setbacks. Alone together, they watched the full cycle of a summer go by. Gos's call-tune, of which they both grew tired, was the old Scottish hymn, "The Lord's My Shepherd." At first Gos was seriously overfed, so that he fell into black moods, and not until too late did his master discover, as he explains in a postscript, that by scientific control of diet modern austringers discipline their birds much more quickly and simply. In the end, having reached the advanced stage of flying a hundred yards on a string to feed, Gos escaped, and the last part describes ingenious but fruitless efforts to get him back. Readers of Mr. White's novels will know how well he writes, in sturdy prose backed by a poet's imagination. He makes his long vigil so real to us that we come to share both its agonies and its ecstasies, and also its absurdity, of which he seems even at the darkest moments to have been commendably conscious. His book is unforgettably interesting.

Somerset, glorying in such names as Stogumber, Curry Mallet and Huish Episcopi, is still grand country, and in *A Somerset Journal* Miss Berta Lawrence affectionately explores tracts that remain little spoiled. She has, however, a sad story to tell about the decline of crafts. Basket-making, sheepskin-dressing, and tile-making go on, but the thatcher, the broomsquire and the wheelwright have grown rare, while the list of trades now almost extinct includes the mole-catcher, the tranter, the snailcatcher who ministered to the chests of Bristol glass-blowers, the itinerant labourer and the hawker. But though she deplores the commercialization of Cheddar, and looks back regretfully to the Somerset of Parson Woodforde and Defoe, she is not one of those irreconcilable and, in my view, tedious rural authors who moan at the sight of a machine. Being honest about old abuses and the mad pressure of modern economics, she has every right to sympathize with the old Exmoor woman she quotes, who, admitting to a hard life, said "Master, folks were jollier. They bain't so simple now." Miss Lawrence has an eye for beauty, and gives us an all-round picture of past and present Somerset that is intelligent and satisfying.

Fishing authors will try to be too funny. Mr. Richard E. Threlfall's *On a Gentle Art* suffers from waggery. It is digressive, and full of unspecified quotations, but at the same time it is worth reading for a solid core of good sense, and for some sage advice on how to fish the Irish lochs, where the author has used the dry fly with effect. ERIC KEOWN

"Morning, lady. Any old gold, silver, sulphur, tungsten, molybdenum, nickel, copper, manganese, wool, cotton, timber? Any raw materials, merchandise, goods . . . ?"



Thesaurus Oxoniensis

Mr. A. R. Woolley's *Oxford* is a signally well-planned and well-executed book. The visitor, reading its engrossing text and exploring its wealth of photography in advance, should be able to make the happiest use of his sojourn in Oxford and revive a memorable acquaintance as often as he turns its pages. Here you have an integrated account of University and City, whose quarrelsome reactions—resulting, incidentally, in the foundation of Cambridge—saw the humanities triumphant over trade save when spells of anticlericalism (Angevin, Tudor or Puritan) faintly anticipated the industrial pre-eminence of to-day. But here there is only one photograph of Cowley, and ten score plates of humaner import: not only all the Colleges and the Cathedral in rich detail, but venerable inns, St. Giles's Fair surging beyond the Martyrs' Memorial, the City Plate (including Charles the Second's Coronation Cup) and the little mullioned shop in St. Aldate's where Alice interviewed the knitting sheep. Never was a record kinder and less perfunctory. H. P. E.

None Talk of Alexander

It is curious that an enemy general should be the first popular high-ranking hero to have emerged from the recent war. When Brigadier Young's study of Rommel appeared in this country you might have imagined that commander to have been one of our own great leaders, not an enemy. Is it because Rommel is dead? So is Wavell . . . Anyway, here is *With Rommel in the Desert*, H. W. Schmidt's account of the African operations, in which he served first as Rommel's A.D.C. and later as a regimental officer. His picture of Rommel, though obviously affectionate, is less flattering than some we have had; he makes him out taciturn, unfriendly, unimaginative, little but an efficient fighting-machine. This is not a thoughtful or a critical book, and it shows too many signs of post-war tinkering; but as the record of an observant and gallant officer, late our opponent, it is of obvious value to the amateur of the Desert campaign. B. A. Y.

Quest of Self

The late war did much to brutalize artistic sensibility and stimulate a fashion for sadistic violence in contemporary writing, so when a reader is faced with a book such as *Fright in the Forest*, in which sensibility is developed to a high degree, he is bound to find it impressive. Benn Sowerby has drawn the portrait of a neurotic, fear-haunted introvert who turns the knife of exploration inwards upon the most tender part of his mind. With a frightening accumulation of detail he outlines his every false move—the broken promises, the secret weaknesses and personal failures which go to make up his character and which, in the bitter end, show him for what he is. Pinell stands alone in the world; his refusal to accept responsibility—over a

period of years he betrays his positive hero Brodrow, his friendship with Mark Rutter, and his two love affairs—leads him to retire behind the hard shell of his ego like a hermit crab. His philosophy is as negative as Sartre's and about as dangerous; but it is outlined with tenderness. *Fright in the Forest* is one of the freshest and most original examples of talent to appear since the war. R. K.

Campbell of Mamore

In *Argyll in the Forty-Five* Sir James Fergusson has achieved the almost impossible feat of throwing a new light on this celebrated affair. His book deals with an unspectacular and neglected yet vital aspect—the routine garrisoning and defence of the difficult, sparsely fortified country between Fort William and Glasgow, and the subsequent mopping-up operations in the same area; it covers simultaneously the raising and exploits of the Argyll Militia and the not over-glorious part played by the Royal Navy. The record is based on the unpublished correspondence of Major-General John Campbell of Mamore, later 4th Duke of Argyll, whose likeable personality redeems it from dryness; a conscientious officer struggling gamely with rheumatics and sea-sickness and the intricate logistics of his command, fond and proud of his soldier son, ceaselessly concerned about oatmeal for his hard-worked levies, steady in the darker hours and merciful in final victory. Apart from its historical value this closely documented



chronicle (although drawn admittedly from Campbell sources) should scotch the *canard* that the Campbells, while prominent in harrowing the defeated and helpless "rebels," were careful never to risk their own skins in battle. On—it seems—the contrary. H. B.

Folie de Grandeur

Mr. Clifford Musgrave sub-titles his *Royal Pavilion* "A Study in the Romantic" and avoids any Brighton parochialism by relating the development of the Prince Regent's Folly to the history of architectural taste. As Director of the Royal Pavilion Estate he is in touch with recent research on the many stages through which the fantasy evolved—a complicated story, as the Prince frequently expanded his grandiose conceptions and there was always a crowd of rival architects pressing their designs on him. Mr. Musgrave lightens the scholarship of his account by introducing a good deal of entertaining period detail, but he is obviously more at home in research than in popularizing its results. Perhaps he tries to get rather too much into a short book, which gives the impression of having been cut down from a longer version. Some paragraphs are obscure and the writing is awkward. However, the weaknesses are superficial, the interest and authority fundamental. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

R. G. G. P.

The Resistant Collaborator

The way of the political collaborator is hard and often ends in personal disaster. After twenty years in the Imperial Navy, Baron Ernst von Weizsäcker in

1920 joined the Diplomatic Service, and when Hitler triumphed in 1933 was serving as German Minister to Norway, where he asked himself "whether it was right for me to collaborate" and decided that "to quit would be desertion." Five years later, as State Secretary, Weizsäcker became officially responsible, until 1943, for the conduct of German foreign policy, of which he gives a controversial and certainly one-sided account in his very interesting, but sometimes naïve, *Memoirs* (well translated by Mr. John Andrews), that are marred by an omnipresent self-righteousness. An old-style German Nationalist, Weizsäcker ingenuously blames the Versailles treaty-makers for Germany's misfortunes and makes no secret of his dislike for the Poles and all their works. His epitaph might be "A patriot who mistook collaboration for resistance." I. F. D. M.

Pursuit of Crouchback

Miss Josephine Tey, like Horace Walpole before her, has been beset by "historic doubts" about the character and conduct of King Richard III, and has communicated them to her own particular policeman. Tied to a hospital bed as the result of an accident, Detective-Inspector Grant, to relieve his boredom, sets himself the task, not uncongenial to his vocation, of investigating the truth about the Princes in the Tower, those classic infant victims. In this, while he pertinaciously picks the brains of everyone in the hospital, from matron to porter, his principal assistant is a young American research worker, who, though confessing himself both tyro and amateur, displays as astonishing a facility in the discovery of evidence as does Grant himself in threading the mazes of the Plantagenet pedigree. As for his deductions, well, *The Daughter of Time* is a detective's holiday, and if, with its references to chronicle and document, it is also something of a highbrow's, it makes quite entertaining holiday reading. F. B.

Books Reviewed Above

- The Goshawk.* T. H. White. (Jonathan Cape, 10/6)
A Somerset Journal. Berta Lawrence. (Westaway, 12/6)
On a Gentle Art. R. E. Threlfall. (Country Life, 15/-)
Oxford: University and City. A. R. Woolley. (Art and Technics, 21/-)
With Rommel in the Desert. H. W. Schmidt. (Harrap, 12/6)
Fright in the Forest. Benn Sowerby. (Hart-Davis, 10/6)
Argyll in the Forty-Five. Sir James Fergusson. (Faber, 21/-)
Royal Pavilion. Clifford Musgrave. (Bredon & Heginbotham, 15/-)
The Memoirs of Ernst von Weizsäcker. Translated by John Andrews. (Gollancz, 16/-)
The Daughter of Time. Josephine Tey. (Peter Davies, 9/6)

Other Recommended Books

- The Painswick Line.* Henry Cecil. (Chapman and Hall, 10/6) Amusing, rambling satirical novel. Much legal and some horse-racing shop very entertainingly presented.
The Body on Page One. Delano Ames. (Hodder and Stoughton, 9/6) Dagobert and Jane in their most entertaining and ingenious imbroglia to date. Farcical whodunit that is both really funny and really puzzling.
A Child's Garden of Curses. S. J. Perelman. (Heinemann, 12/6) One volume containing *Crazy Like a Fox*, *Keep it Crisp*, and the less satisfactory *Acres and Pains*. Some brilliant comic writing of the "crazy" kind.



"...and that wonderful passage that goes like this..."

SQUIGGLES ON THE DOOR

OUTRAGED by the fantastic price on the jacket I replaced the offending book in its former position on the shelf. Morosely, I walked towards the glass door where I stood watching the rain sluicing the pavement outside.

When would William come? Two-thirty in the bookshop on the corner was the arrangement we had made.

I pressed my nose against the glass door. It made a little white smudge. The whole glass was steaming up rapidly. I traced a squiggly line with my finger and then added a head to it. Interested, I drew the Skylon, the Dome of Discovery, an Indian rajah on an elephant, and a ship in a storm at sea before I became aware of one of the female assistants standing nervously by me.

"Could—could I help you?" she asked, haltingly.

"Well," I said, "I don't know whether you've noticed, but the top left-hand corner isn't steamed up at all. If you wouldn't mind just breathing—"

"But surely you wish to buy a book?"

"Oh, no," I replied. "I am merely waiting for my friend, William."

"But who is William?"

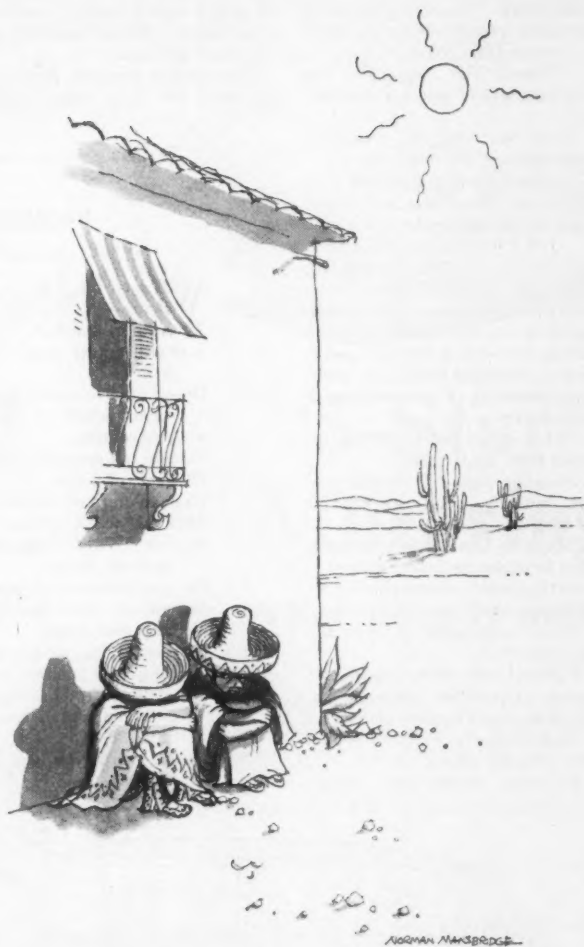
"The friend for whom I am waiting," I said, impatiently.

"Does he wish to buy a book?" she asked.

"Not as far as I know," I said. "All he said was that he would meet me here."

"But surely," she went on, "that is not permissible. When one is in a bookshop one is expected to peruse the books which one intends to purchase. Not, as you are doing, wait for friends and squiggle on doors."

"That is ridiculous," I retorted, squaring my shoulders. "One can meet a person on a railway station without being expected to catch a train. So, too, should one be allowed to meet a friend in a bookshop and squiggle on doors without being expected to buy a book."



"The trouble with self-winding watches is that they always stop"

"Just so," commented a bristly-moustached man in support.

The assistant coloured, her mouth tightening. "You shall not draw squiggles on my door," she said heatedly, imposing her body in a do-or-die manner between myself and the glass. "You shall not," she repeated. "It is not permissible."

"Come, come," the bristly-moustached man coaxed. "Allow this gentleman to continue his

squiggling. His line is reminiscent of Van Gogh."

"Is it really?" I asked, surprised.

"Quite so," he replied, knowingly. "The same vibrant quality is there. But, of course, without colour it is difficult to judge. Here, look for yourself."

He handed me a book from one of the shelves. Inside it were coloured reproductions of Van

Gogh's work. The accumulation of spectators craned over my shoulder as I studied the pages.

"Wasn't Van Gogh the one who went mad?" asked a tired old lady.

"Cut his ear off," someone added.

I grew hot and fingered my ears tentatively. They were both there. Nervously the assistant edged away.

"Yes, I can see a similarity," I said, looking at the painting of sunflowers. Approaching the door again I took my stance and breathed heavily in the top left-hand corner. Holding the book in my left hand I quickly delineated a copy of a landscape consisting of mountains and fields of corn.

"Ah," sighed the bristly-moustached man, captivated.

Standing back, I viewed my work critically, wondering what I had been doing all my life.

"Do you think that this book would be of any assistance to me?" I asked the bristly-moustached man.

"Undoubtedly it would," he said, "if you are considering taking up an artistic career."

I turned towards the assistant. "I wish to purchase this book," I said, in my most distant manner.

Tentatively she took the book. "Two guineas, please."

Inwardly cursing my newly

discovered artistic talent I fumbled in my wallet. While I was paying, in walked William.

The bargain complete, we made our exit, the book comfortably

under my arm. As we passed through the door William scrutinized my handiwork. "Those squiggles on the door," he said—"they're rather like Matisse."

BACK ROOM JOYS

Not Being Impressed

WE have all, one time or another, met a famous figure—

An Author, Scientist, Cinema-star (that's bigger)—And either have goggled and crowded around like the rest

Or—so much more subtle, more dignified—stayed unimpressed,

Actively retiring,
Not un- but anti-admiring;

Pleasant, of course, and polite, but firmly refusing
To have any part in this utterly naked enthusing.
After all, aren't we *someone* ourselves?

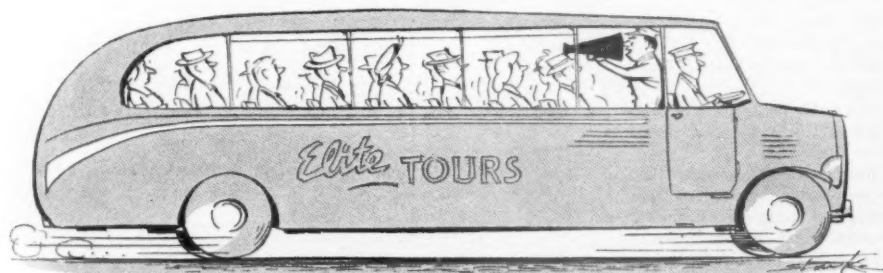
We are. Why, of course we are. Aren't we? Our memory delves

For attainments to bolster our most undeniable status,
And though these may well tend to deflate us
We keep that inside.

We're enjoying our proper pride;
If we lean over backwards a bit, that's a safer deflection
Than falling down flat on our face in the other direction.
"I hear you met Gloria Treacle! My dear, what a thrill!"

Well it was, if you like. But we hid it with masterly skill.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



"Confidentially, and between ourselves . . ."

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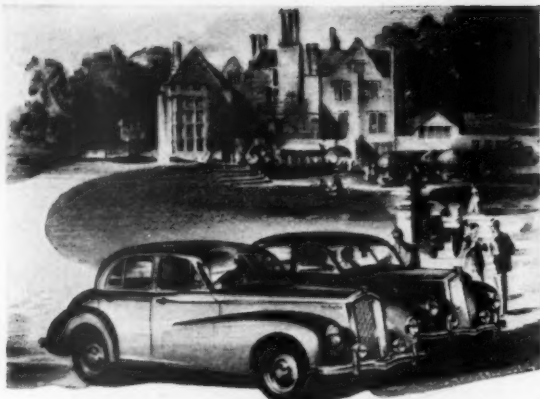
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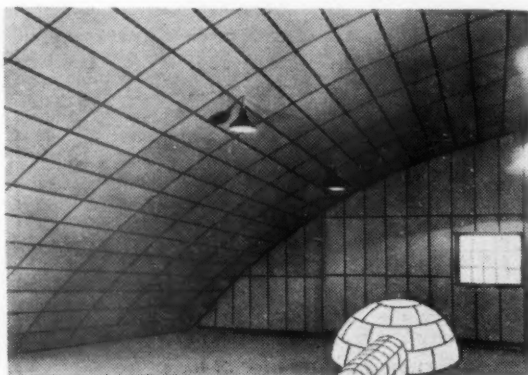
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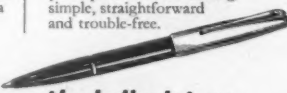


No. 5. The Age of Reason (18th Century)

In this period, writing by all classes grew in volume and almost every young man of fashion penned an ode or poem of some sort to the lady of his choice. Paper had been invented and ink had been developed to become a commercial commodity.

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KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS. Top: Left to Right—Jangling a cable. A ship's officer plotting the position of a cableship. Taking sextant angles from the bridge of a cableship. Left—A section of a control panel in a telegraph station. Deck machinery drawing a length of cable aboard a cableship.

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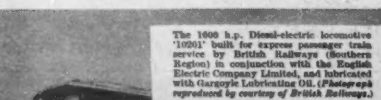
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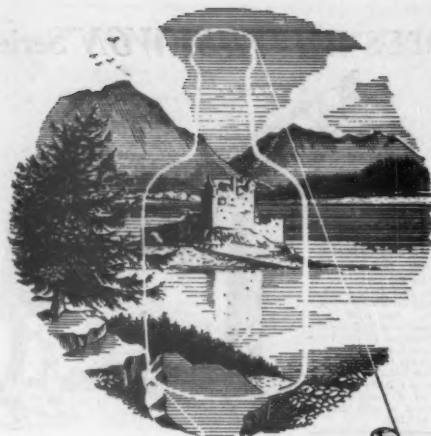
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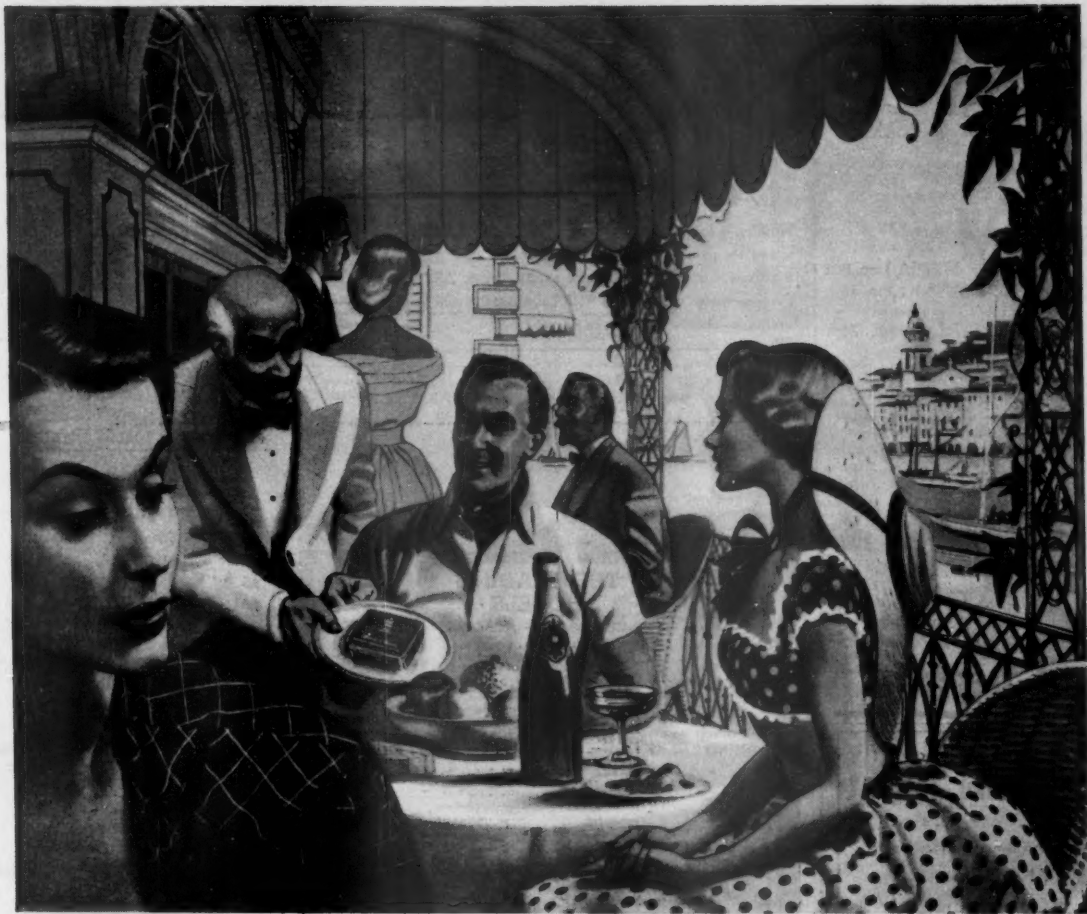
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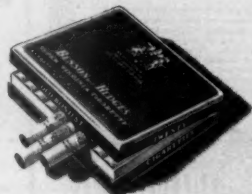
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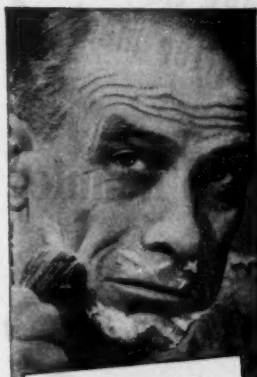
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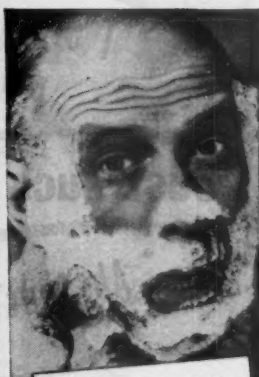
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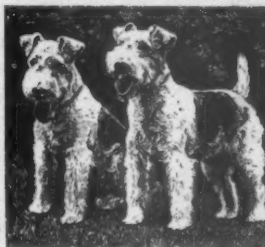
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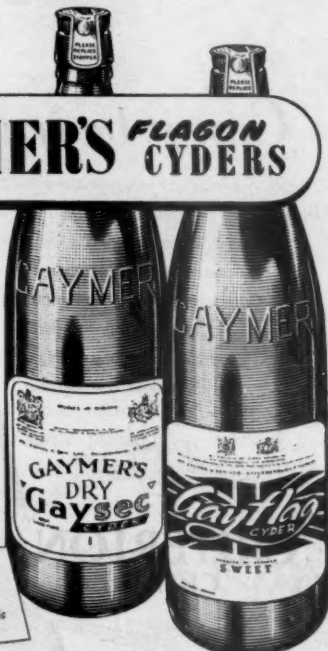
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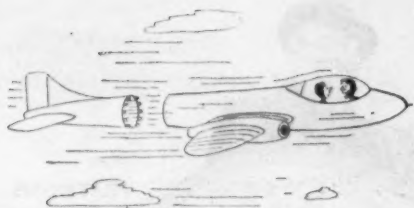
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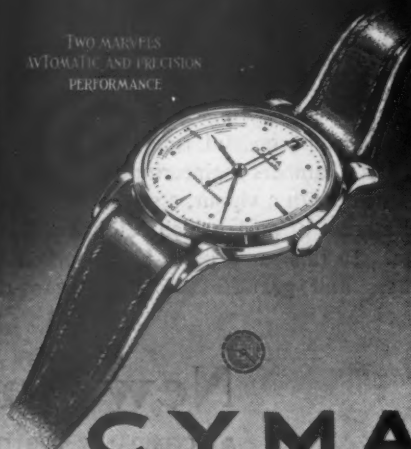


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